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THE LORD'S CHAMBER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—DISCIPLINE.

IN a small attic chamber of a house in one of the side streets leading from the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, sat the correspondent of two or three American journals, writing his letters. Newspapers lay strewn on the faded carpet around his chair, and bits of paper covered with memoranda were scattered over the table where he wrote. The room was small and dingy, but decently comfortable; and the open door of a little cupboard showed that the young man prepared his own coffee, and, perhaps, his own supper.

Pushed back on the table, to be out of the way of his writing, was a small pile of books and some drawing materials.

He wrote rapidly, yet carefully, with the air of a painstaking worker, seeming to use different materials for each letter. When one was finished, he read it over slowly, corrected a phrase here and there, gave it yet one more lingering glance, then covered and sealed it. Before sealing it, he made a note of its contents and the number of MS. pages in a memorandum-book. He never looked up from his work, or was distracted from it for a moment. When one letter was finished, he immediately drew the material for another to him, and began writing again. Three were done, and there remained a fourth to copy from a rough sketch of it already made. For this he consulted neither newspapers nor notes, but, stopping now and then, thought intently, sometimes with a nervous, though unconscious, thridding of the hair through the fingers.

A church clock struck as he directed the last letter. He stopped and counted the strokes.

"Five o'clock!" he muttered. "The mail closes at eight o'clock. I have two hours."

He rose, bathed his face in fresh water at the little wash-stand, walked two or three times across the floor, opened his window, and stood a moment gazing out over the roofs, and letting the cool air blow into his eyes and through his hair; then went back to the table, and drawing a book to him, began to study.

This study was as absorbed as his writing had been. Except to make a note now and then, or to turn the leaves, he did not stir for two hours. His elbows resting on the table, and his hands supporting his temples, he leaned over the page, and literally drank it in.

The church clock outside struck six, and struck seven. At the second hour he closed his book, and prepared himself to go out.

It was still daylight, the pale daylight of a chilly March evening, when the street lamps are being lighted.

The young man posted his letters, then strolled slowly in the direction of the new Opera, looking about him, stopping now and then. Evidently all was grist that came to his mill. An item that would not do for one letter would be just the thing for another. There was a provincial paper which would like a description of this *café*; of that fruit or jewel-shop; of this elegant carriage in which sat an all-too-famous woman, catching the gas-light in sparks on her diamond eardrops—of any one of the thousand sights to be seen daily in this wonderful city.

In one of his pauses he had turned so as to show his profile, strongly illuminated by a street-lamp, to a gentleman behind him, who was slowly strolling in the same direction. Mr. Albert Fronset had reached Paris only a few days before, and was taking one of the solitary walks that he loved—the solitude of a person who passes alone through brilliant scenes and crowds where he knows and speaks to no one.

At sight of this face so near in front of him, he stopped suddenly and stood gazing at it. When the other went on he followed him, stopping as he stopped, and watching him constantly. It would seem that the young man suspected presently that he was observed, and did not like it, for he quickened his step and did not turn again. There was no time to lose if he would know who it was whose face had so startled and interested him, and Mr. Fronset hurried forward, taking care to place himself on the outside of the walk, and in a moment he reached the stranger's side.

"I beg your pardon," he said in English, "but will you tell me in what direction lies the Boulevard des Capuchins?"

"I do not know; I am a stranger," muttered the young man

confusedly in French, hurrying on without raising his face, which he had averted the moment he was addressed.

Mr. Fronset kept beside him and placed a strong hand on his arm. "I must speak a word to you," he said, in a voice that betrayed agitation. "Pardon me! you can satisfy me in an instant, if I mistake not. But I will be satisfied!"

The young man flung off the detaining hand and turned into a side street, but not quickly enough to escape the determined grasp that held him.

"Are you a policeman?" he demanded angrily in English. "What right have you stop me in the public street?"

"Francis Percy!" exclaimed Mr. Fronset.

"And what then?" replied the other, pulling himself free, but making no further motion to escape. "Have you a warrant to arrest me?"

Mr. Fronset beckoned a cab. "I am going to take you home with me, or I am going home with you. Whichever you prefer," he said quietly. "I would rather go home with you."

Francis Percy leaned against a lamp-post, and stood a minute looking into the street, as if considering. He appeared to feel weak and faint and to need support, and for one brief moment a desperate impulse seemed to urge him to flight.

"You can go home with me, if you choose," he said at length, and stepped into the cab.

A few minutes brought them to the door of his house. They had neither of them uttered a word, and they did not speak while going up the flight after flight of stairs. Arrived at length at the chamber, Francis lighted a lamp, pushed forward a chair for his visitor, and, after standing a moment as if he had not meant to sit, sank into another chair and buried his face in his hands. His manner showed at once the weakness of overpowering emotion and a determination to resist.

Mr. Fronset glanced about the room before speaking, and took in everything in that glance; the simplicity and poorness of everything, almost amounting to absolute poverty; the signs of occupation and of frugality; the books. He drew one of the books to him and glanced at it. There were evidences here of a simple and studious life, and of study in the right direction. Then he looked at the owner of the room, marked his dress, plain but careful, and the hands that covered and supported his face. The hands were a little too thin. They touched a chord of pity which he did not mean should be played upon. Indeed it required but a thought to correct the impulse to a softer emotion.

Francis lifted his face from his hands just as the other was about to address him.

"Well, sir," he said rather rudely, "I don't suppose you came here to sit all night without speaking."

Mr. Fronset looked at him sternly. "It is not of so much consequence at this moment what I say," he replied. "I would like to hear your explanation, to know what you have to say for yourself."

"By what authority do you take such a tone with me?" exclaimed the young man. Then added, with the startled blush of a new thought, "who has sent you to me?"

"No one has sent me," was the reply. "I knew nothing till I saw you to-night in the street. But this is trivial. What do you mean? What is your motive for such infamous conduct? I demand an explanation, sir. Your mother is breaking her heart, believing herself childless; your friends have wearied themselves in a vain search for you. You know that they have given you up as dead, while you are here masquerading in Paris. Are you insane?"

The young man's face, momentarily flushed, grew white as he listened, and his eyes dropped. "I have reasons which you do not know," he said faintly.

Mr. Fronset made a gesture of impatient scorn. "I know everything that has occurred," he said. "I know that you went away with a worthless woman——"

"Stop there!" Francis Percy cried, with more of manly firmness than he had yet shown. "I will not hear her spoken ill of. She had not right principles, perhaps; but she is dead, and she died because of me. Either remain silent on that subject or leave the room."

Mr. Fronset was astonished and impressed. He had not expected such a defence.

"But does this justify, or even excuse your present position?" he asked. "Even if you owe a sort of loyalty to her, do you owe nothing to your own mother and to your cousin?"

Francis Percy was silent a little while, struggling between a desire to speak and a reluctance to speak—struggling, too, with a home-sick feeling, and a desire for counsel and friendship. Shame and grief, and a sort of despair possessed him. He raised his eyes to his companion's face, and, in spite of himself, tears rushed into them.

"I wish that we could talk together without anger," he said.

"By all means!" Mr. Fronset replied readily, trying not to be touched. He did not wish to be otherwise than stern with this young man, whom he considered an unprincipled, ungrateful and cowardly rascal. He suspected his winning ways, his pathos; he almost resented the pale face which showed such real suffering. "I wish to hear all calmly, if you will tell me."

Francis rose and walked the room uneasily. "I was a fool in Canning!" he said in a very low voice. "It was my first affair of the kind, and I had no experience to help me. Everything was against me; the dullness of the place, my own enthusiastic

ignorance, and her fascinations. I yielded in everything. I was infatuated. Yet when I went to New York I had not made up my mind to leave my mother behind. It was really better that I should go at once on account of my business, but it was not necessary. She persuaded me to go, and I went. But no sooner were we out on the ocean than I repented. I would have gone back if I could. I had been mad and fascinated for awhile; but something then on the ocean broke the chain. I saw where my infatuation had led me, and I was miserable; I resolved that when I reached Paris I would have no more to do with her, that I would separate myself entirely from her, and try to atone to my mother and Clara for the way I had treated them. I was terrified at my position. I had never committed a serious wrong in my life, and I expected a judgment for this. I could not believe that I should be permitted to reach the land. It was like a fit of *delirium tremens*, when a man has begun to come out of it. I looked back with horror."

He walked to and fro several times before continuing, breathing heavily.

"When I reached Paris, I certainly did not feel so bad," he went on; "but I adhered to my resolution. I meant to work hard, to expiate all that I could, and to conceal my past fault from everyone. So long as it was not known, I could, I felt, retrieve myself. Then came my mother's letter. It was like a death-blow. Everything was known! It maddened me so that I went to Mrs. McCloud and showed it to her, reproaching her with the ruin she had brought on me. I thought that she would laugh at me: but she did not. She tried to console me, and restore me my self-confidence by telling me what the world is, and she reproached herself more than I reproached her. Her only excuse was that she loved me, and I believe that she did. She proved it afterwards.

"What could I do? My mother and Clara were coming, and I could not meet them. No one could expect me to. I could have done almost anything sooner.

"I knew an American correspondent here, a good fellow, who wanted to give up writing. He was tired of the business, he was out of health, and he had no need to write any more. He continued half from habit, half because his editors didn't want to give him up. He was to find himself a substitute when he gave up, if he wished, or if they had not already found one. He had been writing a good many years. He had expected me to take a part of his Paris work, and was thinking of writing some letters from Rome during the winter. I persuaded him to let me go to Rome instead, telling him why I wished to go. He said he didn't care where he was. The Paris letters must be kept up, but the Roman were not of so much consequence. Of course I did not tell Mrs. McCloud anything, and I did not see her. But

she found out; and when I went on board the steamer at Marseilles, I saw her going down to the cabin. I think she meant I should not see her till the steamer should have left the wharf. People were coming on board, and there was some confusion. I stood a little while thinking, then hurried on shore, and started off without knowing where I was going.

"I left my valise behind me. I had been seen on board by someone who escaped afterwards. If anyone saw me go on shore again, they must have believed that I had forgotten something, and run after it, and that I would come back again."

In telling his story, the young man breathed quickly and heavily now and then; and when he ceased speaking, he leaned against the mantelpiece, as if exhausted. Mr. Fronset had turned so as to watch him as he walked to and fro, and while listening he examined him closely. There was no doubt that his sins or sickness, or both, had worn on Francis Percy. The proud and joyous youth, self-confident even in its modesty, was no longer there. It had given place to the miserable manner, at once drooping and angry, of one who has lost his self-respect and resents the humiliation; yet who, at the same time, exaggerates the authority of his judges, and instead of turning upon them with the bitter recommendation to take the beam out of their own eye, or, at least, to condemn with equal severity the many transgressors of whom they say nothing, bows his head as if he alone had sinned. His fresh young face looked worn, and there were the lines of habitual trouble in his forehead.

"Why do you not sit down? You do not look well," Mr. Fronset said more gently than he had spoken before.

"I am nervous. I cannot sit still to talk of this," Francis replied impatiently, and began his walk again. He did not seem aware of, or did not care for the almost kind manner of the address.

"I think I must have been a little sick for some time without knowing it," he resumed. "I recollect I ate nothing scarcely coming across the ocean, nor afterwards in Paris. I wanted only fruit and drink. Probably I was feverish when I left the steamer at Marseilles: I knew that I was sick. I wandered about wondering what would become of me, and feeling that I was going to die. I was always thirsty, and the city noises hurt me, so I wandered out on a pleasant country road and sat down under a tree near a little gate that led to a cottage-garden. While I sat there a man came walking out from the city, and passed me, going to open the gate. Opening it, he stopped to look back at me. If he had not looked back, I should not have addressed him. It had not occurred to me that we had anything in common. But that man was a Christian. Do you know, sir, one doesn't often meet with a Christian, especially in a land which calls itself Christian. There are plenty who call themselves so, but few who are worthy

of the name. That man might have been a friend of the Apostles. If he had lived in their time, he would have done as they did. When I looked back at him, knowing that he stood looking at me, he came to me, and asked me kindly if I was unwell. I replied that something ailed me, I did not know what. He invited me to come into the house, and he helped me in. I told him that if I could rest and sleep an hour, I should be well. He said that I had fever, and asked me my name and address. I told him that I was a stranger, without money or home, or name, and that if I had fever he had better send me to a charity hospital. He asked me then of what nation I was, and if I was in trouble. I was weak, and I burst into tears when I answered him. I shall never forget that man—never! My own mother could not have been more loving. He took me in his arms and soothed me. He told me that I should write my name and address, and the name and address of my nearest friends, and give it to him, and that he would not read it unless there should be necessity. I wrote them and folded the paper: and when I saw him put it in an inner place in his pocket-book, I knew by his face that he would never unfold that paper unless I should die, or be in danger of death. Then he said that he would do by me as he would wish to be done by if he should fall sick in a foreign land. He would keep me there and take care of me till I should be well, and I was to rely on him, and ask for whatever I wanted as if I were his brother. No one should know that I was there.

"He kept his word. I had a low fever for three or four weeks, and he took care of me as my own mother might. His care troubled me less, for I knew that he had not the anxiety of a mother, though he was as kind as an angel.

"I soon found that there was no one in the house but himself and a servant. It was the house of a married sister who had gone away on a journey, leaving him there. He did not call a doctor, there was no need; for my sickness was only tiresome and weakening, not dangerous, and he was used to caring for the sick. He was a soldier, and had taken care of his comrades.

"When I grew better I told my good friend everything, and he promised to keep my secret. He knew when he heard my name that I was supposed to have been drowned; and then it was that I first learned that the steamer was lost. The blow had already fallen on my mother; I could not prevent that first shock. Another blow besides my death, too, would have fallen on her. She would have read Mrs. McCloud's name as well as mine among the passengers. If I had really gone and been lost with the others, as I should have done but for that chance glimpse of Mrs. McCloud on the steamer, who would ever have believed that we did not go together! You would have believed it with the rest," he said, turning an angry glance on Mr. Fronset.

"Probably," was the calm reply. "I should have had a right

to think so, though it would have been a mistake. When a person commits one serious wrong, he must make up his mind to be suspected even when he is innocent. I am glad that my belief did you injustice, and I willingly ask your forgiveness for it."

His reply was cold, and even to himself seemed unkind. Yet he could not help recollecting that while he talked, Clara Danese was cherishing the memory of this boy as something almost too bright for earth; that other men seemed rough to her beside this young Adonis; and that if she should see him alive and hear his story, even with the sin of it, she would be nearly wild with a delight with which he, who had trodden temptation under foot, could never inspire her. He believed so. When do not women forgive men their sins! When do they not, in the name of charity, betray virtue and justice for the sake of pleasing some beloved sinner! He was conscious of a feeling of bitterness as he listened to Francis Percy, which extended even to the girl he loved so well.

The young man lifted his head with a gesture which showed some lingering spark of proud defiance. "Very well, sir," he said. "At least you do not err on the side of charity."

"If I had known of the loss of that steamer, or if I had believed that my mother could still be searching for me," he resumed, "I should at once have sent her word. But, as it was, I had to use care that she should not be told too abruptly. I resolved to profit by my supposed death, and give myself time to think. I returned to Paris, and saw again the correspondent who had befriended me. He was still more unwell than before. He gave me his letters, kept my secret, and recommended me to his employers. Half my first set of letters he prepared, and they were sent as samples, with his letter of recommendation. He mentioned me as an artist, and gave a fictitious name, which I signed to my letters. They were readily accepted, and I am doing well. No one knows me, I try to study, and to really profit by my life in Paris. I am always studying how I shall let my mother know, and I think I have found out the way that will please me." A faint smile touched his lips and disappeared. "At present I do not wish to see them. There are too many obstacles."

"What are the obstacles?" Mr. Fronset asked, frowning. The flitting smile and the pronoun "them" had not pleased him.

"I am trying to save a little money, and I could not afford the journey, nor give up the letters on which my living depends. Besides, I am thinking a good deal of Mrs. M'Cloud in those days, and it would be no pleasure for me to see anyone who disliked her. I feel in one way responsible for her fate. Or, if I am not so, her following me saved my life and sacrificed her own. I must cherish her memory with pity and kindness, and I will not hear her spoken against."

"I do not wish to judge her," his companion said. "Let the dead rest. Neither do I think that your mother or Clara would mention her."

"Does Clara know?" exclaimed her cousin, reddening violently, and stopping before his visitor.

"I presume not," was the cold reply. "But I presume, also, that you would wish her to know the truth."

All the sternness and scorn of Mr. Fronset's face had come back.

"Why should she know? What good would it do for her to know?" Francis Percy said excitedly. "I should surely tell her some day, when I could bring myself to, if——" he paused a moment, then went on: "But to have her told by another; to have her prejudiced against me before seeing me, that I cannot bear. Perhaps you will tell her!" he concluded angrily.

"If I thought it right that she should hear such a story, I should insist on her brother's telling her," Mr. Fronset said quietly. "I am not sure of my way now. It depends on you. If you treat her honourably, I have no desire to interfere. If you have a spark of honour in you, you will never seek her love without letting her know everything."

Francis Percy dropped his eyes and stood leaning on the mantelpiece, and half turned away: "I am not in circumstances to seek any woman's love," he said. "And as to Clara, we are cousins."

"That did not prevent your showing her some very lover-like attentions last summer," Mr. Fronset retorted. "A man of honour does not show any such attentions to a lady, especially one of Miss Danese's character, without meaning something by it. She is not used to being trifled with."

"I have not meant to trifle with her," her cousin replied quickly, yet dropped his head in shame. What else had his conduct been? And though there might ever have been in his mind, in the midst of his wildest infatuation for another, some far-off vision of Clara Danese as his wife, it only made him less excusable in admitting another image—and such an image!

"I am obliged to give my opinion on the subject, though you do not want it," Mr. Fronset could not help saying. "My opinion is that you are no fit husband for her, and never will be. If she should think otherwise, then I will acknowledge myself in the wrong, so long as you do not deceive her. I think that a sense of honour and gratitude should prevent your ever making any advances toward her, unless you should have reason to suppose that those already made have produced an indelible impression."

"I am obliged to you," the young man replied with bitterness.

It was now Mr. Fronset's turn to say, "Let us talk without anger. I do not wish to be too hard upon you. No one has a right to reproach a person with a sin repented of, and it seems to

me that after you arrived here, you behaved as well as you could. But you must allow me to say, since I do not say it from mere fault-finding, that repentance includes reparation, and that a mere feeling of regret for having done wrong is not enough. Repentance is not such an easy thing. You should have gone through the bitter penance of humbling yourself to your mother. I know it is easier said than done, and I do not mean to preach to you, as if I were faultless. Besides, hard as it would have been, you have not made it easier by delay. Will you tell me if you have any plans? I ask from a friendly motive."

"I have the plans which are forced on me," was the reply. "I am trying to make the best of my circumstances. The editors I am writing for like my letters, and the letters are good practice for me. Of course I could not be now a first-class correspondent, and the papers I write for are not too eminent. No one seeks me out, nor offers me a dinner, and I am glad of it. But I live, and even save a little from my income. By-and-by, when I know the ways, it will be easier. Now it is rather hard work, and takes nearly all my time. When I can I study and draw a little, and sketch notable houses and churches, and find out all I can about Paris, and make notes of what I find out. It will be useful some day; and, indeed, it is useful now. When I want light reading, I read French history and biography. I don't waste any time. My plan is to go on so, and keep what I have till something better offers. I must let my mother know all very soon, and for that I have a plan which I shall not tell you. I ask you not to interfere, not to say to anyone that you have seen me. Of course I did not expect to live in Paris a great while without being found out, though I have managed very well so far."

Mr. Fronset could not but be pleased. This life so humble, industrious and frugal, the perseverance stimulated by a sentiment that could scarcely be called by so joyful a name as hope, but which was rather a firm expectation—all showed him a development and strengthening of character which he had not looked for. He almost doubted if this working in silence and loneliness were not better for Francis Percy than the fatted calf of the forgiven penitent, and all the distractions of a life in the embarrassing society of his mother and cousin. It was impossible for him not to feel more respect for the culprit than he had expected to.

The two men remained silent awhile: the younger waiting, the elder thinking, and growing every moment more pitiful, the more so, perhaps, that he saw Francis expected no pity from him. There is nothing more touching to a kind and generous heart than to see one to whom it has refused compassion withdraw silently and never ask it again. The prayer or appeal that is never repeated is almost always remembered with regret.

"I would like to tell you something that may a little change your mind toward Mrs. M'Cloud," the young man said presently, in a slow, hesitating voice. "It is no vanity of mine which makes me believe that she had a great regard for me, and that she has not erred so with anyone else. She was taking steps to procure a divorce from her husband, and she wished to marry me. She said it, and I did not reply. But, at least, it was her wish. Then, in Paris, she gave me a sealed paper one day, and told me that it was a copy of one in her possession; that I was to keep it carefully and not open it then. I always carried it about me, and after the accident I read it. I will show it to you."

He opened a little box with a key taken from his pocket-book, and gave the paper it contained to his companion.

Mr. Fronset knew perfectly well what it must be before he unfolded it, but he read it through from beginning to end. It was the copy of a will duly drawn up and signed, giving all the property of the testatrix to Francis Percy at her death. And at the death of them both, all was to go as the survivor should wish, with one point only fixed in the will—the house which she had inherited from her grandfather Markham, in Canning, with the land belonging to it, were to be given to Father O'Mara or his successor, to found a school.

"And I wish and pray," wrote the testatrix, "that Father O'Mara, or whoever may be in his stead, on receiving this legacy for the Church, will, of his charity, say one Mass for the soul of me, a sinner."

Mr. Fronset paused over the last words. It occurred to him that no one is altogether bad, that if it were but a momentary touch of penitent feeling or of fear, yet it proved the sinner not hardened, and he remembered the command, *judge not*. Yet he remembered, too, that after writing that seemingly remorseful sentence, Mrs. M'Cloud had followed the boy who was trying to escape her. Her remorse had been like the thin thread of water that passes by the mill, but does not move a single wheel.

After awhile he lifted his face and looked keenly at his companion, who was gazing earnestly at him, as if searching for some sign of relenting judgment in his face.

"So you are a rich man!" he said dryly.

Francis Percy's eyes flew wide open in an astonished stare, then his lip curled. He stretched his hand for the paper, drawing it unceremoniously away. Then, lighting a match, he set the folds on fire and held them in his hand, slowly burning.

"Stop!" Mr. Fronset exclaimed, starting up. "You are too hasty. There are no heirs except the husband's family; and, besides, the Markham house was left as a charitable legacy."

Francis Percy held the burning paper out of his reach with one hand, and with the other put him back. "Hasty!" he said

scornfully. "You think it is only now that I have decided what to do with this document!"

Mr. Fronset seated himself again and gazed, not at the burning will, but at the young man's face; and as he gazed a faint smile stole over his lips. All the displeasure and contempt with which he had entered the room burned with the paper in Francis Percy's hand, and became ashes and disappeared when he tossed the last charred fragment into the fireplace. Who could remember the sin in face of such a firm and perfect expiation!

"I have already had the Mass said for her," the young man said almost in a whisper, looking attentively down at the bit of paper around which a last spark ran, then died out in blackness.

As he looked he heard a movement, and an arm was laid gently around his shoulder.

"My dear boy," Mr. Fronset said, "forgive me for the spirit in which I met you to-night. I believe in you."

"Will you tell it all to my mother, and tell her that you believe in me?" Francis asked.

"I will, with all my heart."

"You must wait awhile, though. And you must say that the subject is never to be alluded to, nor hinted at between us."

"I will tell her so when you wish."

"A word will be enough to say to you when the time comes," Francis went on, looking down. He had not responded in any way to his companion's affectionate advances, but stood like a statue, and merely suffered the other's arm to rest on his shoulder. "It need never be mentioned between us again." He shivered, and some wave born of the passion of remembered or ever-present suffering sent a crimson colour over his face. "I have my own life to live, my own sufferings to bear, and my own temptations to resist," he went on in a voice that trembled with strong feeling. "I do not enter into the life of any other to search or to condemn, and I will have no one enter into my life ever again. I have told my story once. I will never tell it again, nor humble myself again because of it. What I have suffered I know. Let others look out for their own souls."

Mr. Fronset withdrew his arm from the young man's shoulder, and seated himself again.

"You shall never have anything to complain of in me on that score," he said calmly. "And now let us dismiss the subject. I would like to speak to you of something else. I would like to feel that you will trust me, and let me be your friend."

Francis Percy glanced at the little clock on the mantelpiece, which, for a wonder in a French lodging-house, went, and correctly told the hour.

"It is too late for me to talk any more to-night," he said. "My time is all laid out. If I talk more I shall not sleep well, and shall not feel like doing my work to-morrow. I can see you

again another day if you wish. You will, however, have to come here toward evening."

Mr. Fronset thought that a cabinet minister could scarcely have stood more immovably in his place, and bent his visitors to him more calmly. Yet it was impossible to be either displeased or amused. There was something stern and fateful in this treadmill life to which Francis Percy had condemned himself, and his visitor could guess what agony of wounded pride as well as what stings of conscience, steeled him to carrying it out fully, and persisting in holding himself completely disentangled from others.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A FRIEND.

MR. ALBERT FRONSET's character might be described much as we describe a globe: a figure in which every part of the surface is equidistant from the centre. In that centre, justice, prudence, and charity sat in perpetual council; and if, for a moment, one voice was the most prominent, the others were not long silent. He had no salient characteristics of mind or manner; he never struck the attention, nor dazzled the fancy. He was not fascinating, he was not eloquent, he was not profound, he was not sublime, he was not poetical nor enthusiastic. Yet, justly mingled and assimilated, all these characteristics were to be found in some slight degree, like the veins of precious ore that thread the earth, and show themselves at times when least expected. Flippancy judges, who see no excellence except in a crude personality, might have called him commonplace.

An authoritative person had once said of him in company that he had never known a man who invariably showed such good common sense as Mr. Albert Fronset. We all know how a word goes sometimes, be it bad or good.

"Sir," said Mr. Fronset to this gentleman sometime afterward, "how could you say that I had common sense!"

"I assure you, I meant no harm," the other protested.

"Everybody, on every occasion, compliments me on my good sense," the injured man went on. "I recommended something or other to the legislature a few days ago, something that a fool might have recommended, and the papers announce that the project is marked by my usual good sense. People come to me for advice, and explain with a smile that they do so because I have such good sense. I see no escape, except in doing something notably foolish. That phrase, sir, will be inscribed on my gravestone. It will stick to me like the 'rare' to poor Ben Jonson."

In fact, this well-balanced gentleman had not even common sense to a foolish extent.

Indeed, as he walked homeward to his hotel that night, after having talked to Francis Percy, he was quite in the mood to do something extravagant. He had found something to pity and something to admire in two sinners whom he had regarded of late with a sentiment quite the reverse of esteem; and as one who, standing near the brink of a ravine, whose precipitous sides have seemed to him from a distance to be inaccessible, sees a thread of a path, narrow and difficult, creeping to and fro, upward and ever upward at each slow step, till at last the safe height is attained, so he had had a vision of a soul slowly but surely climbing from a precipitous fall, and painfully working its way to an elevation which it seemed to have for ever lost.

"This sin should certainly be no more remembered against him," he thought.

But oblivion for the past was not enough. Or, rather, the forgiveness should be so perfect and sincere as to remove the present consequences of the past.

"Why could not I help the boy?" was the thought that returned to him again and again during the next twenty-four hours. "He can't go on all his life writing newspaper letters, and it will never lead him to anything else, certainly not to the profession he has chosen, and already devoted some time to."

The fact that he had discovered Francis, and obtained his confidence, though it were in spite of him, seemed to impose a certain obligation. He saw his way clear to help him, moreover, and had no fears of the result, either from a pecuniary or a moral point of view. He felt sure of the young man's talent, honour and perseverance. But there was an obstacle, and that obstacle was in himself.

To help Francis Percy to a successful life was, perhaps, to help him to win Clara Danese.

We believe in people who wrestle with temptation, and obtain a blessing from it, as Jacob from the angel; but we do not believe in an unfailling and instantaneous trampling under foot of every, unworthy suggestion before its first whisper has well taken meaning. The prompt "Get thee behind me, Satan!" is not the way of human nature, nor was it meant to be. If the soul did not struggle, how would it grow?

Mr. Fronset's tempter came, as the most of our tempters do, respectably dressed, with a grave and reasonable, or, at least, a plausible manner, and rather a pious, even a clerical turn of speech.

In the first place he argued Mr. Fronset was under no nameable obligation to do anything. In the next it was better that this young man should be well disciplined, and the impression he had received that the way of the transgressor is hard, allowed to harden into an enduring remembrance. Moreover, Clara Danese ought to be separated from her cousin by every possible means,

and so old and true a friend as Mr. Fronset should not do anything that might tend to bring them together from a mistaken generosity, or a foolish fear lest he should be taking an unfair advantage; and so on. The voice was very persistent and very persuasive. It painted Clara Danese's stainless life and candid nature in fair colours, then asked: Will you help to link her to one whose remembrance is contaminated even now in his early youth?

It was a very respectable-looking tempter who spoke, we have said; but his form stood out against the golden background of a new and generous impulse, and the outlines were suspicious in that strong contrasting light.

"I should like to help the fellow. It wouldn't hurt me," said Mr. Fronset at first.

Then he kept silence awhile, and grew troubled.

"I think I might help him," he said then, beginning to resist.

New troubles and arguments, with growing irritation and uncertainty.

"I think I ought to help him," he said, but faintly.

The night and the following day passed without a conclusion of the argument, but with a gradual diminishing of Mr. Fronset's tranquillity of mind; and when night came, he went out to make his visit in a state as nearly approaching ill-temper as he had been in for a long time. He had come to that most miserable of conclusions, to be guided by circumstances.

Up the stairs, and through the long corridor that led to the room he sought. The door was open, and a servant stood speaking with the young man. Francis Percy sat by the table, with a book open before him. His head turned slightly; he looked up at the servant who stood beside him. The light of the shaded lamp shone softly across that pale face, making it more beautiful than ever, and flecking with gold the clustering locks that he had once seen touching Clara Danese's braids, as the two heads bent together over a paper.

The instant he saw and remembered, the tempter whispered in his ear: "Fancy her standing there beside him, and him looking up into her face with those lustrous eyes!"

It was the strongest temptation yet; but, also, it was unveiled. The tempter forgot his respectability in his eagerness.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" the man's heart cried out, though his lips were silent; and he knocked lightly at the door.

Francis rose, blushing slightly, to receive him; the servant withdrew, and they were left alone.

"I've been thinking over your case," Mr. Fronset said, calmly, when the two were seated, "and I have made up my mind what I wish to do, and what I believe best for you to do. Of course, all depends on you."

He glanced up from the book under his hands, and saw that

his companion sat with downcast eyes, and an expression of resolute reserve in his face.

"At present you are doing the best that you can; but, however you may gain morally, the time is lost to your career. You need to drop all this newspaper business. Set yourself to study, and to gather while here what you really came here for—that is, advantages which you cannot have at home. Prepare yourself as quickly as may be for your profession, and return to America to practise it."

An expression of sharp pain passed over the young man's face as he listened.

"All this is not new to me," he said, hastily. "It is precisely what I would wish to do, but cannot. You do not imagine that such a life as I lead is my choice?"

"Of course you can't do it without money," the other went on, in his slow, cool way. "I should show a great deal of stupidity and bad taste if I said this to you without saying more. I can enable you to carry out the plan you desire to follow, if you will accept my help. There is no reason whatever why you should not. I wish to lend you money enough to stay here two years. You can draw on me for it every quarter, beginning at once. When you shall be well established at home, you may pay me the sum, with interest, if you like, in instalments as you receive it."

The proposal was made in the most matter-of-fact way possible. For Francis it was as though the semi-dusk of his dingy chamber had suddenly been illuminated with a splendid outburst of fireworks. He started, caught his breath, blushed deeply with a surprise that was too incredulous to be delight as yet, and fixed his eyes on Mr. Fronset, to see if he were indeed in earnest.

"This would suit your mother, I am sure," Mr. Fronset went on, appearing not to observe his companion's emotion. "It would give you your proper place in the world, take you quite out of the tormenting difficulties which have been cramping you, and give you a chance to show what is in you. I don't see why you should make any difficulty about it."

"I find an immense difficulty in it!" the young man exclaimed, "I find such a difficulty in believing that you are in earnest. that," he stopped, for his voice failed, but his eyes suddenly, full of tears, searched his companion's face.

"Oh, if that is all the difficulty you find!" Mr. Fronset said, smiling, and stretched both his hands cordially across the table.

Francis took them in his, pressed them, tried to speak, then dropped his face on them, and burst into tears. Poor boy! He was only twenty-three, and he had believed that his life was ruined.

His new friend was touched to the heart. He remembered, almost with terror, that he had been tempted but an hour before

not to offer this aid that now he would not have withheld for a world.

"The transaction is perfectly simple," he said, trying by his own coolness to inspire his companion with composure. "It is merely an investment of my money. I do not lose nor suffer the least inconvenience, and I have the pleasure of knowing that it will do a great deal of good. I expect you to look on me as your friend."

"But if I should die after having used your money, and before having earned any to pay you with?" Francis said, lifting his face.

"I take the risk of that on myself," was the reply. "I must in such a case consider the money as a treasure laid up in heaven."

The young man bent again, and kissed the hands he still held. "You are, indeed, a friend!" he said, and drew a long sigh, like one who is rid of a heavy burden.

The two sat long into the night, talking and planning; and when at length Mr. Fronset rose to go away, Francis wished to accompany him to his hotel. This was not permitted. But they went down-stairs together, slowly and side by side, and stood in the street-door a minute, hand-in-hand, before separating.

Then, with a heart made lighter and more tender, the one for having done good, and the other for having received it, each went his way.

"If only I could get rid of that terrible memory!" Francis Percy said, as he shut himself into his room again. "If only *she* had not died on my account, I should be happy."

"He who feels the pangs of remorse needs no other punishment," the other was thinking at the same moment.

CHAPTER XXV.—FEED MY LAMBS.

THE town of Canning possessed a rather notable convert to the Catholic Church about this time. A young Mrs. Arnold, a widowed daughter-in-law of the Mr. Arnold of whom we have already spoken, returned from a long sojourn in Europe, and returned a Catholic. It would be harsh and, perhaps, unjust to say that her conversion had been a fashion rather than a conviction, and had had social rather than moral advantages; but that was a judgment frequently expressed, even in her own family. Probably vanity had had much to do in the matter, and the desire to take a step upward in Roman society had moved her not a little. But "all roads led to Rome:" not only to its immortal gates, its matchless temples, and its golden skies, but also to its thorn-crowned, buffeted, blood-and-dust-stained, yet immortal faith. One may come with the brow that an aureole would

befit, or with a befrizzled front that soils the baptismal waters as they drop—but, in fine, one comes; and it sometimes happens that in the crucible of time, what went in as folly becomes changed and purified, and at last a grain or two of pure gold is found. The Lord can pull a soul into the heavenward path by a curl as well as by a heart-string, if He so will.

Whatever may have been the motive, however, here was Mrs. Arnold settled, probably, for the rest of her life in Canning, and committed a Catholic. Of course it could not damage her position—the family stood too well for that—but it damaged her comfort and complacency sorely.

She liked fine churches and fine functions, and she was used to them. She liked to dress herself all in black during Holy Week, and go with her head drooping, to prostrate herself before a darkened altar, and then shut herself into her room at home and refuse to see anyone. Of course she could not fast, she was too delicate for that; and she could not abstain unless there were a very excellent fish-market and confection shop near; and after she had listened to all those heart-breaking psalms in the church, who could blame her that she tried to cheer herself afterward with one of the gayest novels she could find! She considered herself very pious, but what is piety without surroundings! She was willing, nay, charmed, to dress in sackcloth, but she wanted to stand against a gold background.

Mrs. Arnold considered herself thrown away in Canning.

"The church is so shabby, and everything connected with it so very queer," she complained to a sympathizing friend. "If only we had a more spirited priest, who would try to improve things a little! Father O'Mara is very good, of course. I have the greatest esteem for him as a Christian, but he is so behind the times, and has so little enterprise. I mean to push him up if I can; I have already talked with him, and said a little of what I think; but I did not want to mortify him, of course. Little by little I hope to improve the appearance of things."

"Oh! of course, whatever you suggest," her friend said.

"Yes; of course!" she replied comfortably. "He is a very quiet, easy sort of man."

This quiet, easy man was not, however, very easy on the score of his new parishioner. "That woman will be a cross to me!" he muttered, when she left him after her first visit, and he leaned his head on his hand, and tried to study out a way to avoid the difficulties that threatened him. He was glad to have a cultivated and influential person in his congregation, because she could do a good deal of good, if she would, and he was even capable of commiserating the lady a little in her enforced change from the Roman basilicas to the poor church of Canning; but his complacency did not go beyond a certain point.

"The proverbial zeal of converts is excellent when they grind

their own corn," he thought; "but when they make grist of us, it is not so agreeable."

Mrs. Arnold had, in fact, found fault with everything, from the situation of the church itself to the very candlesticks on the altar.

Father O'Mara's trouble was better founded than might be thought; for these complaints, either open or veiled, of his lack of enterprise had reached him more than once before, and what he saw in Mrs. Arnold was, not so much an individual, as a strong reinforcement for the enemy. He had set his face resolutely against a certain spirit but too conspicuous and prevalent, and he had, so far, prevailed without much trouble. How would it be when the enemy had such an ally in the field?

Sighing, he rose and went into the church, and stood there looking about a moment. The walls were whitewashed and bare, except for two rows of coloured prints, the Stations of the Cross, one at either side. Mrs. Arnold had thought that the church would look very well frescoed. He glanced at the long windows, unshaded except by smoke-coloured linen curtains. He had himself thought that Venetian blinds would have given a more quiet, religious light to the place. He walked forward to the altar, bending his knee to the Holy Sacrament, but not remaining in prayer, and again stood looking intently and seriously about the sanctuary. Two narrow slips of white, uncurtained window, one at either side, lighted this niche; a faded, ordinary carpet covered the steps; a linen cloth, with only an inch-wide common lace about it, covered the table; a tarnished cross stood in the centre; and six candlesticks, of anything but artistic design or splendid lustre, finished the decorations. No, not quite finished; for just in front of the tabernacle stood a small glass vase, with two or three fresh roses in it, roses grown in the house; for it was now winter.

The Sunday-school classes "took turns" in keeping this little vase full of flowers before the Blessed Sacrament.

It was very poor, certainly. Father O'Mara's eyes filled with tears as he stood there looking.

"My Lord! is it true that I am avaricious in my dealings with Thee?" he thought. "Is it true that I do not try to do Thee honour? Perhaps I am wrong; but if I am so, teach me Thy will. What have I but Thee! What is the end of all my labours but Thy honour, and the saving of souls!"

He sunk on his knees, and dropped his head to the altar railing. A reflection on his ministry cut him to the quick. He began to distrust himself. He was not, certainly, very stirring in certain ways. He had thought the better rule was "without haste, and without rest;" and he surely had never been idle. Yet maybe he might have put a greater strain on himself and on his people.

He knelt there in sad doubt and pain, trying to remember

something which should guide him. Was it the precious spilled ointment of the Magdalen? That was the voluntary gift of a repentant sinner, not the extorted bread and rest of the honest poor. What, oh! what would the Lord have him to do?

"Feed my lambs!"

Was it a voice or a memory? Clear, low, distinct, heard in the soul, rather than in the ear, and full of a divine sweetness in which command was mingled with entreaty.

"Feed my lambs!"

Father O'Mara rose comforted. He went in to the altar, looked that not a speck was visible on the altar-cloth, nor a grain of dust on the altar, gave the roses fresh water, and wiped the glass that held them. Then, standing beside the altar, looked again about the church, and found there, instead of poverty and shabbiness, cleanliness, peace and a holy solemnity.

The street-door was pushed softly open, and an old woman came in. She took holy water, knelt down, said a prayer, got up, and went her way.

"That is better than if she came to look at the candlesticks," the priest thought, in his unscen post of observation.

Three children came in, hand-in-hand, made their little bobbing courtesies, and knelt, the two elder ones putting their hands together and praying, the youngest sinking back on to his heels, and staring up at a window where the sun was shining in, and presently communicating to his companions some thought that had entered his curly head; whereupon one of the elders administered a motherly shake to him, set him upright on his knees again, put his tiny hands palm to palm, and whispered a severe admonition that was unheard by the pastor. After a minute all three went out, silent and orderly, the two elders making sure that the smallest did not omit the necessary obeisance, which momentarily lessened his height an inch perhaps.

Father O'Mara went smilingly into the sacristy, saying to himself with the Roman mother: "These are my jewels!"

When Mrs. Arnold came to see him again, he was prepared for her. But he was not prepared for the news she brought him.

"I should not have intruded on you so soon again," the lady said, a little out of breath; "but I have received a letter from Paris which will interest you. The letter has been wandering all over Europe in search of me, and has at last reached me here. The friend who wrote it was also a friend of poor Mrs. M'Cloud, and in constant correspondence with her. She was in London at the time Mrs. M'Cloud was in Paris last autumn, and received a letter from her, written just before she set out on that fatal journey. My friend, knowing how interested I am in church affairs, has sent me this last letter."

The lady opened the letter she had been holding in her hand, and unfolded a note enclosed in it.

"I will read what concerns us," she said, and read: "'You ask about the old Markham place in Canning. The fact is, it is a weight on my shoulders. I do not wish to live there, and no one wishes to rent it. If I could afford to give it away, I would. I *have* given it away in my will. For, my dear, I have made my will, not because I think of dying, but that I may live the longer. I have always heard that people who have made their wills are long-lived. In that will, then, I have given the Markham place to the resident Catholic priest, that he may found a school there. It will be a sort of monument for the family. Besides, I have done so much mischief in my life, that I would like to do a little good by my death.'"

"Now," said Mrs. Arnold, looking up at the priest, "where is that will?"

Father O'Mara was silent a moment. The surprise was almost a shock. He was divided between delight and compunction—delight at the possibility of a help and bounty which seemed to him immense, and compunction that he should, perhaps, have lacked in charity toward this poor dead sinner, who showed so little resentment of his severity.

"This is very good news, if all turns out well," he said, after a moment. "But, as you say, where is the will? Without that we can do nothing."

"It would be better to have it, certainly," Mrs. Arnold replied. "But I am not sure that we can do nothing without it. I have thought the matter all over, and I feel quite certain of success. This letter comes very opportunely. Mr. M'Cloud is coming here immediately to see about his wife's affairs. I shall show him the letter, and it will not be my fault if he does not carry out his wife's intentions, will or no will. This letter was written but a short time before her death; the property was hers to will away as she pleased, and it will do him but little good, unless he should choose to live on it. If he does that, I will cut him, and make my friends cut him. Her other possessions he can take, if she has not given them elsewhere; but this he should give as she plainly desired."

It occurred to the priest that the cutting process, threatened by Mrs. Arnold, was possibly a little stretch of social authority; but he did not feel called on to exhort her on the subject. An excess of zeal is very easily pardoned by one who expects to profit by it, either in his personal interests, or in the interests committed to his charge; and Father O'Mara was human. He, however, did not intend to cut Mr. M'Cloud.

When his visitor had left him, he went to the window and looked up at the great bluff across the river, where the green level summit showed over the grey rock like the fringe of a rich carpet, and the many-gabled roofs of the mansion clustered like a fortress. It was the fortress of the town, seen from afar,

showing on every side, lifted into a prominence at once commanding and easy of access. What a fortune it would be to have it! The Catholic children needed other instruction than that they had; not that the public schools were not good of their kind, and constantly improving in all intellectual progress; but there was not care enough taken, he thought, that the science of the other world should not be strangled by the science of the present life. He saw certain indications in the children of his people which denoted, not a loss, but a weakening of faith—a certain shame which they called prudence, and a coolness which grieved and alarmed him.

Father O'Mara had not gone to the United States as a master, with the intention of making war against established customs the moment he set his foot on the soil. He realized that he and the greater part of his people were strangers, that they were as yet scarcely more than guests in the town, and that they were certainly infinitely better off there than they were at home; otherwise they would not have come. He was wise and just enough to wait a little in asking or insisting on what he considered his rights, and he trusted to the sense of justice in those about him to concede all, sooner or later, without violent controversy or ill-feeling. If he were attacked, he would defend himself; but he was anxious to avoid attack. Still, the little foxes were spoiling the vines, and it troubled him; and this possibility of having a school of his own was a possibility that made his heart beat high.

If the gift should be made, he could have two or three sisters come to Canning, and put all the younger children under their care. The fact of the gift having been made for such a purpose would enable him to make the change without any other explanation to school authorities or to parents.

For Father O'Mara was not in the habit of abusing Protestants, even in private, to his own people, nor of ascribing all the misfortunes of Catholics to the enmity of non-Catholics. It was his belief that the worst enemies of the Church are persons within the fold, not without, and that unbelievers are, for the most part, perfectly willing to acknowledge and admire a real, consistent piety in Catholics when it is proved to them.

"Live up to your religion, and you will make your religion respected, and attract others to it," he said. "How can you expect people to think well of your Church if you go to Communion in the morning, and are found lying, stealing, or quarrelling before night? Let them see that you are more correct at least for a day, and they will perceive that the sacraments have virtue."

And, in fact, both Father O'Mara and his flock had made a good impression in Canning. Prejudices were slowly melting away, and respect and good-will as gradually growing up in their place. Puritanic as the town was in origin and in feeling, this

foreign Catholic priest could not enter any public assembly without being offered an honourable place in it, and being respectfully saluted.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A LITTLE DISCUSSION.

MR. M'CLOUD came to Canning, and Mrs. Arnold laid siege to him. We are not going to describe either the battle or the surrender. Suffice it to say that the gentleman, having studied the matter well, perceived that his actual loss in money would be much smaller than might appear to a superficial observer, and the gain in credit much. He was a very good accountant, and he found that the balance would be in his favour if he should be generous, and carry out the clearly expressed wish of his wife.

Whether any fear of Mrs. Arnold's displeasure, or any wish to gain her good graces, operated to direct his decision, we cannot say. Few men are able to resist the will of a clever, smiling, determined woman, unless there be another cleverer, more smiling, and more resolute woman to help them to resist. The widow was pretty, amusing, and honest; the widower was not at all a disagreeable man; and, in fine, in an unexpectedly short time Mrs. Arnold entered Father O'Mara's house in triumph, with the deed of Markham House in her hand. She had begged of the giver the pleasure of presenting the paper with her own hand to the priest, and Mr. M'Cloud had smilingly consented, taking the liberty, however, to kiss the fair hand in which he placed the gift.

"I thank God and I thank you," Father O'Mara said, with emotion. "You have shown a noble zeal, and a great deal of address. When and how shall I present my acknowledgments to Mr. M'Cloud?"

"You are to come to my house to dine with him to-morrow," she said, with an air of smiling command. "I hope that nothing will prevent you. He has already promised to come. There you and he can talk it over. He would have come with this himself, but I could not resist my desire to be the one to tell you."

Father O'Mara again expressed his thanks, and his admiration of the lady's zeal and perseverance; and, having done so, had nothing more to say. He was embarrassed by his inability to be wordy and profuse, and respond to the exultation expressed in his visitor's face: but it was not his way. He was deeply satisfied and sincerely grateful, and had already said so. He could only repeat the same words, and it was not his way to repeat. He felt that he must appear cold, and it gave him pain. He wished to say something very pleasant.

Mrs. Arnold, however, had spirits enough for both. She did

not mind the priest being quiet. It was his way, she knew, and rather a stupid way she found it. But he was a good soul, and she had the greatest respect for him, and meant to lead him in the way in which he should go.

"Now," she said, seating herself, and drawing a deep, satisfied breath, "I want to tell you my plans. They will take you by surprise, perhaps; but you can think them over."

She smiled amiably at him.

"I should be glad to hear them," he replied, with a slight mis-giving.

"Well!" she smiled again, still more amiably, and folded her hands together, leaning a little forward as she spoke. "Now my vision, my dream, is this: to have a beautiful church on the bluff. Turn the main body of the house into a church for present purposes, and use the wings for your own residence. Begin by building a tower which shall be separated from the church, as the towers are in so many European churches. Do well and thoroughly everything that is done. Let the tower be built of stone—these little stones that we find all about us, and that are as solid as flint—and have the ornaments of New Hampshire granite, maybe. That can be settled afterward. Have a tower that shall be an ornament to the town. The church can be built afterward. Turn this church into a school-house, and give up your house here, and, perhaps, some other, to the teachers, whoever you may employ."

Mrs. Arnold, having poured out this speech with great volubility, stopped, and looked at the priest with a smile that nothing could daunt. She knew that her plan was bold, and that it would astonish him; but had she wheedled a mansion-house and several acres of land out of a man of the world, to fear to speak her mind as to the disposal of the same to a simple half-saint, whose whole time was spent in trying to make people good! People who are always preaching peace and humility get to be immensely meek sometimes. Besides, Mr. McCloud's face, when first she told her little plan to him, had been far more uncompromising than Father O'Mara's was now.

The priest, in fact, looked at her in unmingled astonishment, and had to wait a little while before words came to him to make any sort of response.

"It is a very pretty vision," he said then. "I congratulate you on your talent for seeing such. It is an exceedingly pretty vision."

"Which you will set yourself to realize as soon as possible," she concluded.

"You cannot be in earnest," he exclaimed. "Why, my dear lady——"

"It is the most practicable thing in the world, with a little energy," she said, not without impatience, and went on to demonstrate.

Father O'Mara sat with downcast eyes, and pursued his own troubled thoughts while she talked. "I've got to have a fight with a woman! It is as if someone had made me a present of Paradise with the serpent in it. I'm glad I have the deed in my own hand," and he pressed it close, and wondered if he could slip it into his pocket out of harm's way. "I must gain time. I'll tell her that all that can be talked over afterward."

And, the lady stopping again for breath, he said: "Plans are rather premature now. There is much to do and to think of before any definite conclusions can be arrived at. My only clear idea has been to have some nuns here to teach the children. But all these things can be talked over afterward."

"Does he think that I am going to be put off in that way!" thought Mrs. Arnold, and determined to force some sort of promise from him before leaving him to make plans and engagements without her concurrence.

"Oh! the nuns will come all in good time," she said, "and I shall be delighted to see them here. But at present it would be ill-advised. People are not prepared for them. It would arouse prejudice and suspicion at once. It is better to have some quiet, decent person, or two persons, if necessary, and have your school begin in an unpretending way down here among the people. It would be very difficult for all these little things to go across the river, and toil up the hill every day to school, especially in the winter. They should have a school close to their doors, where they would be always under the eyes of their parents or their teachers."

"Oh! we will settle all that afterward," Father O'Mara said, trying to be patient.

"He wouldn't have had the place but for me, and I will have my say about it," his companion thought, and persevered, always smiling and sweet after that one little outbreak of impatience. "In a place like this, the Church should make something of an appearance, in order to hold its ground," she said. "Of course, we want to convert people; but we shall never convert them to coming to this common, dingy street—excuse me—to be crowded up with a mass of people not all over clean, in a church where, sometimes, one can hardly breathe. How shall people be converted if they do not hear preaching? and how can you expect them to come here?"

Father O'Mara groaned inwardly. There was but too much truth in what she said. His people were all working people, and the air of the church was frequently distressingly close to him. He did all he could for cleanliness and ventilation, but all that he could do was not enough. Yet he knew that he was right.

"What you say is true, madam; but it is not all the truth," he said, with more of firmness and authority than he had yet shown. "Besides, it is outside the mark. I could find many excellent

arguments for having a fine church built up there on the hill, and for other necessary improvements. But where is the money to come from? It is simply impossible. We have not the means. Even with your own proposition, you will perceive that there is a considerable outlay required. It is beginning two enterprises instead of one."

"But money could be collected and obtained here as it is in other towns," she persisted. "There are fairs, raffles, monthly payments—a hundred ways. The people would be proud and interested. They would all bring you their little hoard. There isn't one of them who hasn't something in the bank, or laid by in some way. Both my servant-girls have money. One has over a hundred dollars."

"I am glad of it, and I hope that she will keep it," the priest said with decision. "Why shouldn't these poor people have something laid by against a time of need? You, madam, have something laid by, and you need it less than they. You have property which assures you a good support all your life. Yet if, by any misfortune, you should lose your property, you have friends and relatives to assist you. If these poor people lose health and cannot find work, who is to assist them? There is no one. They are of the class which goes down to abject want, sometimes to starvation, perhaps to crime. They are generous to me, and to the Church, voluntarily generous, and I will not rob them on any pretext of a false charity. There is not one of them who does not give me a larger percentage of his earnings than any rich Catholic on earth bestows on the Church. If any great need should come to me, they would do more even before I should ask them. The Irish need to be checked rather than stimulated into giving to their Church. We live peacefully and religiously now. When I stand up before them, it is not with a feeling that debts and obligations are pressing on me which force me to talk forever to them of money. I talk of their souls, their duties; I reprove their sins, and encourage their virtues; and I possess my own soul in peace. I owe no one, and no one can call me a speculator. I am at peace for the pecuniary interests of my people, because I know that hard times, if they should come, would mean to them economy, not starvation. Once embark in an ambitious enterprise like this, peace is gone for me and for them. I have seen it, and I know."

Father O'Mara did not lack words now, nor did his manner lack energy. The lady experienced that surprise and mortification which a person feels who has taken emptiness for granted, and has offered advice to one much better informed than herself.

She would not quite give up her smile; that would be a sign of surrender, for her smile was her sword. But she put a certain pungency into her voice as she remarked, "Your tenderness for your flock is most praiseworthy. But one has to think of the

'decency of divine worship,' and to drive delicately-nurtured people out of the house of God with a bad air, is almost as bad as to drive them out with an imprecation. One can close one's ears to evil words, but one must breathe."

"Is it so bad as that?" asked the priest, with a piercing look, his face becoming red. "I have taken some pains; I will do more. If I had known, I would have done everything possible."

Mrs. Arnold's displeasure had led her too far. "Oh! I did not mean it so bad for one church," she said hastily. "I spoke in a general way. No, I am sure that you do very well, and the place is as clean and well-aired as one could expect. If I might suggest that the little upper window might always be kept open."

"Certainly!" the priest replied promptly. "I will look out that it shall be done. I know how to pity people who have to suffer from impure and heated air. It is a torment. If you have anything else to suggest in this regard, do so freely."

"Thanks!" the lady replied, rather stiffly, but did not suggest anything else.

"As to the 'decency of divine worship' demanding an extravagant outlay, and the incurring of debts," he resumed, "that is an argument often used, and often very fallaciously. The true decency of divine worship consists in the serious and devout faces of the congregation, in their number and orderliness, and in the devotion and attention of the celebrant and his assistants. Fine feathers are very good, but they are secondary, and I would like to know where the money came from which paid for them."

Mrs. Arnold perceived that she had made a mistake in Father O'Mara. Where were the downcast face and the hesitating voice and manner! These clear eyes that looked her straight in the face, the firm and authoritative voice, the prompt speech—they were not the attributes of a man whom she could twist around her finger. She felt mortified and vexed, yet, at the same time, was conscious of a wish to conciliate and stand well with him. She was shocked to think with what confidence she had begun her attack.

"I always admired that spirit of the Magdalen who poured out the costly ointment on the Lord's feet without grudging the price," she said. "She was not reproved for her extravagance."

"True, madam!" the priest replied. "But we must not allow ourselves to believe that she ran in debt for it."

The lady had no reply prepared to this rather unexpected remark.

"Whenever," he went on, with the air of one finishing a conversation, "whenever any Catholic feels moved to spend all he has to build a church or an altar, or to adorn a church or an altar, I will not condemn him. Only I shall stipulate that he does not afterward come upon me to support him, or beg of anyone the necessities of life. The first pecuniary duty of each

one of us is not to be a pecuniary burden on any other person, if we can help it. That position of independence secured, we may be as generous of our superfluities as we please. We cannot, however, spend the money, the peace, and the credit of others."

Blushing with mortification, the lady rose. "I have, perhaps, advised too much," she said. "But I was so interested and so full of the matter. You know I have tried to do the best I could."

"And you have succeeded in doing excellently well," the priest replied cordially. "You must forgive me if I have seemed harsh. I am not too cultivated in my manner of refusing requests or advice, I am afraid. I am accustomed to plain people who take a 'yes' or 'no' without offence. I sincerely thank you, and I trust that I have not said anything that seems rude or unkind. You are the first lady of my congregation. I should be sorry not to treat you with the consideration that you merit. And I hope that the ill-success of your first counsel will not prevent your suggesting other things to me which may seem to you good, and that you will take any future disagreement of mine as charitably as you have taken this. I hope a good deal from you."

His manner was at once so kind and so humble that it touched his listener. She had respected his virtues; she began to feel something like admiration for him.

"I shall be sure to have a hundred projects," she said, rising, and trying to laugh away her mortification. "I must be busy. I am not one of those persons who can be idle. If you will not let me do anything, I will move away from Canning."

"I will, then, keep you busy," he said, and offered her his hand, not a custom with him. Father O'Mara was not unctuous. He was dry in manner. But he was pleased to come so well out of the difficulty.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A FRIEND FROM HOME.

A STUDIOUS and thoughtful stranger spending but one winter in Rome, has very little need of society. Nowhere is it possible for a body with a soul in it to feel less solitary.

Clara Danese avoided society as much as possible, and was not displeased even when her aunt could not accompany her in her walks and drives about the city. Everything that was or had been in Rome interested her; but Christian Rome more than all. She was not attracted by the grandeur of those ancient times when the people were but the cyphers which made of some human unit a million. Grandeur and dearer by far to her were the early footsteps, bathed in blood, of the Prince's Daughter, as she walked upon the earth, touching the heart of the proud with

humility, and the heart of the humble with exultation, and calling these human cyphers her children.

From the Catacombs, where the seeds of faith were planted, up through the decaying shoots of early churches, to the full-flowered basilicas, she wandered, studied, and thought. Unlike most students of her kind, she was not consciously enthusiastic. If the fire burned, it burned quietly. She put aside all prejudices and predilections in the presence of these imposing facts. She did not allow herself to dream or to imagine, but simply looked and studied, and let her conclusions grow of themselves. She listened to no guesses nor probabilities nor traditions, but sought what was known of what she saw.

Convictions growing in this way are crystallizations; and though with added experience they may add new facts, they do not change those already formed.

She used to spend hours in the churches waiting for impressions. Nothing is more delightful and instructive than that. You glance about. A white wing in act of flight issues from beyond the marble pilaster that edges some unseen chapel. You go there, and find two milk-white angels supporting an oval picture. Perhaps Saint Francis, kneeling in the open air, gazes at the sky, where the Crucified, in a halo of motionless wings, pierces his soul with such wounds as the flesh itself shall mirror. Or the child Mary, standing at her mother's knee, reads with downcast eyes those prophecies which she dreams not relate to herself, and adores that promised Redeemer which she knows not will one day call her Mother!

Or some sense of light draws the eyes upward to where a brilliant ray, slipped from the outermost edge of the slowly-rolling sun, had entered through a dome or window-arch, and lit with sudden fire a mosaic or a figure in the cornice. Or the eyes drop thoughtfully, and are caught by the wonderful interlacing mosaics of the pavement; or the barbarous richness of Egyptian marble shows its figures and faces; or a delicate alabaster catches a ray of light and imprisons it, to display its own exquisite tint.

Sitting thus, quiet and receptive, many a changeful scene passes before the eyes. There, also, as in the New World, the little ones come, and with far more familiarity. They wander about, hand-in-hand, bobbing their little courtesies. Bare feet, four inches of an apron, a minute handkerchief on the shoulders, and another equally minute on the head; unconscious little ones of poverty, even like their far-away kindred in the faith.

Perhaps, as you sit thus, there is a noisy irruption of tourists, book in hand, spectacles on nose, full of haste, enthusiasm and irreverence. Or the altar-candles are lighted, showing against the dusky tribune like a constellation against the sky of night, and a procession issues from the sacristy, glowing with purple robes, half veiled in transparent lace and cambric, with a glisten-

ing of silver and gold, and a drift of snowy ermine. Or your attention is drawn by the tinkling of a bell to where, with candles, umbrella and a murmur of prayer, the priest with his attendant bear the Viaticum to the sick or dying.

If no person appears, no function lights the altar, and no sunbeam the ceiling, and the church is silent and solitary, the impression is, perhaps, yet more profound. A mystery and awfulness takes the place of the picturesque. That silence which seems full, as it were, of the shadows of sounds, becomes at once fascinating and oppressive. The hanging lamp swings almost imperceptibly, as if the live flame above its silver urn felt a pulse from a heart within. You remember what relics of saints and martyrs lie within those altars, what popes and prelates lie in their last sleep, with only a slab of marble between you and their crumbling forms. Perhaps in some near shrine lies a saintly figure that you have looked upon through the crystal screen on the day when the Church celebrated his *festa*, and you can recall now in the silence just how he lies, with his peaceful face and folded hands, and the feet that finished their earthly journey so many years ago.

There they lie, dead saint and sinner, clustered about their living, invisible Master, silent like them, waiting like them till the world shall end! Can it be that no sound ever comes from them when the human presence is withdrawn! no sigh of regret from a penitent soul stirring the dust in which it sinned; no whisper of adoration from the saintly lips that prayed so much in life; no "still, small voice" from the Word made Flesh!

Sitting in such a silence one day, until it became almost oppressive, Clara was relieved to hear a step enter the deserted church. A man came up the side aisle and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. The church was the Gesu, and Clara had taken her stool into the little corner chapel of Our Lady. She did not observe this gentleman at first, being merely content to have human society near. With a delicacy and reverence not common, she even turned her face a little away from him. It seemed to her rude and intrusive to look at a person who was praying. But she was conscious of a feeling of kindness and respect for him; and presently, in spite of herself, her eyes returned to him with interest. He seemed familiar—she could not have told why.

He had placed himself directly in front of the altar, thus bringing the side of his face toward her; but his hands were over his face, and she could only see that he was tall, and had thick, dark hair, that seemed to be lightly threaded with silver.

There was something in the attitude of this man at once dignified and profoundly reverent, which reminded her of her father. She had seen him kneel in that way, with his head bowed into his hands.

The gentleman moved and raised his face. It was Mr.

Fronset! He did not rise, but knelt there, looking steadily at the altar, absorbed in thought.

Clara's heart gave a bound when she recognised him. A feeling of home-like tenderness and confidence filled her.

Coming quietly out of the chapel, she went down the church, and took her place where he would be likely to pass.

Presently he came, walking past her with only that glance which recognises the presence of a person supposed to be a stranger. That the woman whose fair face he saw beside his path, dim as one of those pearly frescoed faces we see on fading ancient walls, was the woman whom he had crossed the ocean to find, he did not dream. That the face was overflowing with the glad surprise of affectionate welcome, he did not look to see. Only when it bent nearer, and a hand was outstretched to detain him, he looked with conscious eyes that instantly lighted with recognition.

They clasped hands in silence. Mr. Fronset was less surprised than Clara, for he had expected to see her, and was just going to her. They went out of the church together.

"Who would not believe in mesmerism or spiritual influences, or some such mysterious thing?" Clara exclaimed, the moment they were outside the door. "When I saw you kneeling there, I began to think of home and of the past, though my thoughts had been far away from those subjects."

He smiled slightly, like one whose heart is touched: a smile that came and went like a soft light shining momentarily on a shadow. Mr. Fronset's face was dark, and when he was serious, looked darker still; and, as is most frequently the case with such faces, his smile was beautiful. It seemed to make his colour fairer while it shone.

"I suppose there is no reason why we may not have an atmosphere as well as the planets," he replied, glancing round to call a carriage. "And maybe you thought I looked like someone whom you knew."

"You certainly do look remarkably like someone I know," Clara responded. She felt lighter and younger beside this man, who was twenty years older than herself, and was disposed to be almost childish in her contentment at seeing him again.

They drove homeward together—together for the first time in Rome. For the first time the shadows of these narrow antique streets fell at once over both these friends of years. The wide *piazza* opened to let the sun shine around them; the yellow Tiber wound before their eyes; the Castle of St. Angelo set its solid shape as if to bar their passage; the Bridge of St. Angelo rattled under their horses' feet. Then, in a moment, St. Peter's.

They rode along, talking of American affairs; the one asking, the other answering questions of friends, and of public doings. It struck Clara more than once that her companion was a little

more serious than she should have expected to find him ; and when she had satisfied herself that all her nearest friends and all his were well, and, summing them up, that no misfortune had happened to anyone in whom she was particularly interested, she concluded that he must be thinking of her cousin.

"You will find my aunt more cheerful than you expect," she said presently. "At the same time, you will not find her well. She is very nervous. Her state seems to me hardly natural, though I hope that it may change without any misfortune occurring. There was a time when I feared she might have fever, and I know that she frequently takes *ignatia* to make her sleep. She has an idea that Cousin Francis is still living."

"Indeed !" Mr. Fronset replied, and kept his eyes fixed on the great dome they were passing.

"Yes ; and if it were not that she gives so much of her thoughts to charity, I should really feel uneasy about her at times. Charity consoles."

"Yes ; charity consoles," repeated the gentleman, and turned his eyes on his companion's face with a steady and tender gaze. For Clara's voice and eyes had dropped with the last words, and she seemed to be recollecting some need she also had felt of consolation.

"Have you been unhappy this winter, Clara ?" he asked, after a moment.

When she glanced up he was looking away. "No," she replied. "I have been very sad on account of my aunt and on account of Francis, but I have had pleasures, too. One can resign what is dear, what is dearest on earth, without finding the earth a desert."

"Have you resigned what was dearest on earth ?" her companion asked.

"I have lost my father and my cousin," she replied ; then blushed with the recollection, till that moment forgotten, that this man had been, perhaps still was, her lover. His tone had reminded her.

The carriage stopped. They were at the arch through which they were to pass up to the house.

Going up the lane, Clara described to Mr. Fronset her aunt's charity, and, before going into the house, led him into the Lord's Chamber.

He uncovered, as if it had been a church, and stood there silent. It seemed to him as if he had stepped into a woman's breaking heart. "So some men crush the women who love them !" he thought.

"I wish to talk with you after having seen Mrs. Percy," he said rather hastily to Clara, as they went up-stairs. "Can I do so without making her feel abandoned ?"

"Certainly ; when Captain Pelletier comes. They always

play a game of chess together. Meantime you will stay and dine with us."

Mrs. Percy met their guest quietly, though not without emotion. She recollected him as walking on the sea-shore with her son, with his arm around the boy's shoulder.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A MEMENTO.

CLARA awaited her promised interview with some apprehension. When we are told that a person wishes to speak to us alone, we naturally expect something important.

But she put down her fluttering imagination whenever it tried to rise, and occupied herself in making the dinner cheerful.

At length Captain Pelletier came, and the two gentlemen were introduced to each other. But why did the Captain blush so in making his bow, and stammer so in striving to utter a compliment? Miss Danese thought that it would be a charity to separate them.

Both the gentlemen felt that embarrassment natural to very honest and sincere persons when they find themselves practising a tacit deceit, be it ever so innocent. They had already met and talked together that day, but thought best not to say so.

"You should see the moonlight from the *loggia*," Clara said to Mr. Fronset. "Will you come up?"

Captain Pelletier had set out a chess-table, and was placing the pieces. Mrs. Percy was a fair player, and they had a game every time he came. Therefore the other two were *de trop*.

Rome, viewed in a full moonlight from such a height, is an enchanted city.

"Is it not beautiful!" Clara said, as they came out on to the roof.

"Beautiful!" Mr. Fronset echoed half unconsciously, giving but a glance at the scene. Then he set a chair for Clara, and placed himself before it, with his back to the parapet. He had placed the chair so that, sitting in it, the moonlight would shine in her face.

"But I like to stand," she said, beginning to feel uneasy.

"I want you to sit, Clara," he said. "I have something important to tell you—something which will surprise you."

She sank into the chair without a word.

"You said to-day that Mrs. Percy does not believe that her son is dead," he resumed. "Did it never occur to you to have the same thought?"

There was one moment of silence, then a little cry. "Oh! where is he, Mr. Fronset?"

"Be quiet, child!" he said, taking her hand. "Your aunt must know nothing of it to-night. Be quiet, my dear."

The thought of her aunt was sufficient to recall Clara to herself, but still her joyful tears dropped over the hand she unconsciously held, while he told her the story, and what was yet to do. And when it was told, how many questions there were yet to ask!—questions not always easy to answer. How many exclamations; how many expressions of wonder and thanksgiving; how many pauses of silent delight that broke anew into questions!

"I am so glad that Aunt Marian has gone to her room," Clara said, when at length they went down-stairs. "I can go to her door to say good-night, but I should not like to say more."

The good-night was said to her visitor and to her aunt, and she was at length in her own room, but not to sleep. Her imagination was no longer checked, but indulged to its full bent. She went over all the story that she had heard, of the sickness, and that dear Captain Pelletier, whose solicitude she so well understood now; Francis' silence when he knew that his mother believed him dead; his studies; his coming close at hand: she hovered over it all like a bee over flowers, and found honey in all. Pain was no longer pain, but joy with a mask on; and the mask had slipped and shown the smiling face behind. She fancied herself meeting him; thought what she would say; thought how she would prevent his feeling in the least ashamed of himself.

Full of this glad trouble that made sleep impossible, she brought out a photograph of her cousin, looked and smiled at it, as she had many a time wept over it. She gathered her little mementoes of him, which she had not wished to see before, and looked them smilingly over. Among them was a blotting-book, which he had forgotten at Foamy Point, and which she had rolled up and brought away. It had never been unrolled from that moment. Its leaves had never been opened since he shut them before starting on that bitter journey which was now so sweet in its ending.

She untied the cord that held the book, a little green and white cord that had been tied around a package of stationery brought out to them from Canning, and smiled that she should remember such trifles. She opened the book and turned the leaves, touching now and then with a caressing hand the marks of inverted writing left on the blotting-paper.

Between two of the leaves was a folded sheet of note-paper, with a few words showing over the fold, and his name signed to them. A blot at the name showed why he had copied the note. The words she read involuntarily at the first glance—

"Never doubt that I love you!—FRANCIS."

A flood of colour rushed over Clara Danese's face at the sight of those words. Were they for her? Had he written a note and

left it there for her to find when he should be gone? And might not a part of his strangeness have been caused by the fact that no answer came to him? Was it not providential that just now, when all entanglements were being smoothed out, that this also should be made clear! She felt that the letter was a message for her.

Without stopping to reason, and without a dream that she had no right to read the note, she unfolded and read it.

It was a passionate protestation of love toward one who had doubted him; but the second glance showed that it was not for her, though she was referred to in it. "If it be true, as you think, that my cousin loves me, it is an affection so calm and controlled that it will never trouble her. She has not your temperament. But perhaps you mistake."

Laying this letter out on the table, Clara searched for some sign of the one to whom it had been written, and found but too many. Here and there, in a dozen places, the name of Mrs. McCloud was plainly stamped on the paper.

She closed the book, and rising, walked slowly to and fro, recollecting and understanding all. Her face pale with the sudden shock and revulsion of feeling, her lip curling with scorn and disgust, her smooth brow drawn by a slight frown, she paced the chamber noiselessly, and studied out the whole story of what had been concealed from her. There were no longer any mysteries.

"He said rightly," she said to herself, "my love for him will not trouble me."

"It was a providence, indeed, my finding that letter," she thought awhile after.

As she walked there she stripped away from what had seemed love all its illusions, tones, words, glances, half-caresses, all the countless fascinations of manner which entangle the fancy—stripped them off, not angrily, but with a firm hand. There was no love beneath. Its frail life had gone out while she read that letter. Or if it had been stronger, she would have set her foot upon it. A dishonoured man was not for her, who had kept her honour. She understood virtue otherwise.

After standing long in deep thought, she roused herself with a sigh. "And Albert Fronset knew this, yet would have let me—perhaps—marry Francis!" she said. "He has, then, ceased to care for me."

(To be continued.)



THE POET.

The sovereign singer's mood is like a sky
 Of cloudy, luminous harmony ;
 Aloft, Imagination
 Breathes on its central sunny-visioned throne ;
 Beneath, a silent ocean
 Of manifold emotion,
 Awaiting the creative breath
 To image every phase
 Of life's wide varied days,
 In tempest gloom or sunny blaze,
 Or starry, sorrowing infinite of death.

Now he strikes a stormy measure
 Through the dark electric air,
 Charioting in epic gloom ;
 Now, floating in the sensuous sleep
 Of sunclouds spread along the deep,
 He waves a golden plume,
 Chanting dreams of love's sweet leisure,
 Passion-tongued and rare :
 In visioned trance careers the past
 Among the imperial ruins of old Time ;
 Or, spirit-like, sublime,
 Vibrates the nobler future in his rhyme,
 Soaring 'mid solemn splendours of the vast—
 A soul with space for its domain,
 Subject and condition of its reign ;
 With nature and existence in all moods
 Associate, vivifying where it broods ;
 Transmuting into sound the tidal floods
 Of feeling harmonized, or passion's storms
 In grand or sweet symmetric forms ;
 But, unlike nature's, a spirit-enchanted sea,
 Incapable of monotony.

Wonder-winged, now it urges
 Sunward fancy's golden surges,
 Now in shadowy monotone,
 Thunder, or winter ocean's moan,
 Or mountain wood tempestuous : now emerges
 'Mid zones of summer ocean—paradises
 Of tropic odour and of sunny spices ;

Vibrating all the soul can feel, in sound
 Ethereal, without bound,
 Owing th' extemporizing spell
 O'er every mood of happiness or hell ;
 Kin to the universal,
 Its rehearsal
 Of beauty, order, love and energy,
 Passion and sorrow, vibrates like the light ;
 'Twixt star and star—its home, the Infinite.

T. C. IRWIN.

RICHARD BOYLE, FIRST EARL OF CORK.

1. *Budgell's "Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Illustrious Family of the Boyles."* 1737.
2. *"State Letters of Roger Boyle, First Earl of Orrery ; with the Life of the Earl."* By Morrice." 1743.
3. *"Researches in the South of Ireland."* By G. Crofton Croker. 1824.
4. *"Historical Sketch of the County and City of Waterford, &c."* Edited by Rev. R. H. Ryland. 1824.
5. *"History of the County and City of Cork."* By the Rev. C. B. Gibson, M.R.I.A. 1861.

THE century which elapsed between 1588 and 1688 is, perhaps, the most important and interesting in the modern history of Ireland. Its commencement is marked by the destruction of the Spanish Armada ; its close by the advent of William III. The intervening period saw the legal extinction of the Brehon law, and of the customs of gavelkind and tanistry, and the universal establishment, for the first time throughout this island, of the English common and statute law. Within that period are comprised the plantation of Ulster by James ; the transplantation into Connaught by Cromwell ; the settlement of parliamentary soldiers and adventurers ; and the final settlement under Charles II. In that period, too, the late Church establishment took its permanent shape and form ; its ample revenues and surpassing dignities were assured, and the penal code was developed and almost matured. In other words, a land system and Church system, the two informing principles of national life, were within this period imposed by force on an unwilling people. If we would then intelligently discuss the two great questions of land and Church in their relations to our national life at present, we should study and dispassionately examine the history of the eventful century ending with the advent of William.

Sir John Davies remarks :—"To give laws unto a people ; to institute magistrates and officers over them ; to punish and pardon malefactors ; to have the sole authority of making war and peace, and the like, are true marks of sovereignty, which

Henry II. had not in the Irish countries ; but the Irish lords did still retain all these prerogatives themselves. For they governed the people by the Brehon law ; they made their own magistrates and officers ; they pardoned and punished all malefactors within their several countries ; they made war and peace, one with another, without controlment ; and this they did not only during the reign of King Henry II. but afterwards in all times, even until the reign of Queen Elizabeth." The learned author goes on to explain, in a lucid and most instructive narrative, why, during the centuries which elapsed from the conquest until the reign of that queen, Ireland had never been subdued, and wherefore the native Irish, as between themselves were left to their own devices, and as between themselves and the English were treated as aliens and enemies.

The state of things represented by Sir John Davies was all changed in Elizabeth's reign. She poured into the country an army of 20,000 men, commanded by experienced officers of approved valour and ability, and kept it up to the standard of efficiency during her entire reign. The civil service of the crown was administered by trained and tried statesmen, and the watchful eye of the sovereign was ever prying into, and her ear was ever open to hostile reports concerning the conduct of her most highly-placed, as well as of her most subordinate servants. During her time she encountered and overcame three formidable rebellions—as wars with the natives or quasi-natives were called—those of Shane O'Neil, of Desmond, and of Tyrone ; and at her death she left the Irish land a fair and a open field whereon her successor might work his unbridled will.

One result of the Desmond rebellion there was, which through all the succeeding century affected and gave colour to the conduct of England towards Ireland. I allude to the forfeiture of more than half a million of acres which followed the death of the great rebel in 1583. The news of this rich "find" sent a thrill of delight and excitement through those classes which furnish the world's adventurers. The discovery in our day of the Australian gold-fields was not more operative on the masses than the prospect of escheats, and of new estates to be carved out of the fair fields of Ireland, was on the minds of the English squirearchy. From this time forward every rebel was weighed in the balance according to the amount of territory to be disposed of on his attainder, and the assurance of his guilt was in proportion to the greatness of his possessions.

On the outbreak of the rebellion of 1641, before it had extended beyond the borders of Ulster, the English parliament passed the Act 17th Charles I., whereby 2,500,000 acres of land were declared forfeited in Ireland, and which enacted that these acres should be offered for sale at fixed rates in London and the surrounding districts. One of the notable clauses in the Act pro-

vides, that the lands are to be taken from the four provinces in equal proportions, that is, one-fourth from each ; though at the time when it received the royal assent, there was no rebel outside Ulster, and there not one convicted. Again, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt but that Parsons and Borlase, who were lords justices at the opening of the rebellion, goaded the Catholics of the Pale into insurrection, and refused all terms of accommodation in view of the splendid forfeitures which awaited suppression by the sword. Such were some of the fruits of the Desmond forfeitures. Another product of this time was the sudden rise into importance of the office of Escheator. The word *escheat* is supposed to be derived from a Norman-French verb signifying "to change." Dr. Johnson, probably in a fit of spleen, says, that it comes from the practice of cheating, universally attributed to the holder of the office in question. Each province in Ireland had its escheator and his deputy. The ancient importance of the office is still attested by the fact that the Escheatorship of Munster stands in the same relationship to Irish members of parliament as the stewardship of the Chiltren Hundreds does to English members. So late as the year 1858, by the 21st & 22nd of Vic., chap. 110, the offices of Steward of the Chiltren Hundreds and of Escheator of Munster are excepted from the operation of its provisions. The duties of the post consisted in looking after forfeited lands, overhauling title-deeds, prying into patents, and hunting out monastic possessions and what were technically called concealed lands, that is to say, lands which had been forfeited to the crown, but had escaped identification and seizure. These officers and their deputies had very large powers of adding to the public revenue by legal means, or of reaping a harvest of private gain by unconscionable methods. We quote the following passage from that upright witness, Sir John Davies, both because it illustrates our position and also throws a lurid light on the opening career of the subject of our present memoir, Richard Boyle :—

"These deputy-escheators," writes King James's Attorney-General, "make a suggestion that they are able to find many titles for the crown, and obtain a commission to enquire for all wards, marriages, escheats, concealments, forfeitures, and the like. If this commission were well executed and returned, they were good servitors. But what do they do? They retire themselves into some corner of the counties, and in some obscure village execute their commission; and there, having a simple or suborned jury, find one man's land concealed, another man's land forfeited for non-payment of rent, another man's land holden of the crown *in capite* and no livery sued, and the like. This being done, they never return their commission, but send for the parties and compound with them, and so defraud the crown, and make a booty and a spoil upon the country; so that we may conjecture by what means *one that was lately an escheator's clerk* is now owner of so much land here, as few of the lords of Ireland may compare with him."

The escheator's clerk here referred to is the Richard Boyle who founded a powerful family, extensively allied himself, by the marriage of his children, with the best blood of England, and

made out of Irish spoils, by the exercise of his wits, a larger fortune than any other Englishman did before or since. We say advisedly by the exercise of his wits; for no doubt such men as Strongbow and De Lacy, Earl of Ulster, were owners of larger territories; but these men won by their bows and by their spears, Richard Boyle by a rare sagacity and the faculty of promptly seizing opportunity.

Richard Boyle was born on the 15th October, 1566, at Canterbury. His father, Roger Boyle, of somewhere in Herefordshire, and his mother, Joan Naylor, of Canterbury, were respectable and not over-wealthy people. When Richard became a great man his pedigree was traced back beyond Edward the Confessor, and it was somehow discovered—as we read in Birch's "Life of the celebrated Robert Binville"—that the name was originally Binville; but where important matters of authentic history have to be sifted, it is waste of time to dwell on heraldic conjectures, inspired by the interested liberality of the first lucky adventurer of the family. We know nothing of Boyle's earliest years except what he has left us in his "True Remembrances," a trifling memoir written by himself at the age of sixty-seven, for the information of his posterity. He was a second son, with a scanty pittance from home, and received some general training in St. Bennet's College, Cambridge, and some special knowledge in the Middle Temple. He never graduated, however, either in the *litteræ humaniores* or the faculty of the law. Poverty, which, as Juvenal says, makes men supremely ridiculous, compelled him to become clerk to one of the English judges, in which office he had to go through a salutary course of toil and drudgery. This was for him a fortunate circumstance, for in this school he learned all about the meshes and pitfalls of the law; all the mysterious incidents of tenures; the way to harass a poor suitor for justice, and to baffle or delay a powerful prosecutor. He could scarcely have a more fitting training for the work he was about to undertake. There is no more impressive or mournful spectacle to the looker-on than the proceedings of an astute and hungry lawyer located in the midst of country squires, the unhappy owners of precarious titles—a spider in a colony of flies. The young man, just out of his teens, who quits the paternal dwelling, and who, entering the country town with only the proverbial five shillings in his pocket, after a few years of hard labour, blossoms into a member of parliament, a deputy-lieutenant, and the reputed owner of £5,000 a-year, is not an unknown factor in our social state. Such, though on a gigantic scale, was Richard Boyle in relation to Ireland. He came to this country in his twenty-second year with exactly £27 3s. in his pocket, a kit containing a few clothes, and three forged letters of introduction to persons of influence. At the end of thirty years of toil, he was an earl, High Treasurer of Ireland, Viceroy in all but name, the owner

of four pocket boroughs which sent eight members to parliament, and the possessor of estates at the present day worth at least £100,000 a-year. He sat in the seat of St. Carthag and of King John at Lismore, without the religion of the one, and with more than the magnificence of the other, and he made himself a palace on the ruins of the college of Youghal.

We left this Richard Boyle a clerk to an English judge. How he came to quit this employment we are told by his encomiast, Budgell, in a passage that reads like a transcript from the pages of "Gil Blas:" "This extraordinary man," writes the author whose work is first in our list, "was born in the city of Canterbury, October 3rd (n.s. 13th), 1566. After having received his academical education in St. Bennet's College, Cambridge, and studied the law with great application for some small time in the Middle Temple, finding his fortune vastly inferior to his spirit, and that he was unable to support himself like a gentleman in his own country, he resolved to travel." Spirit of Mammon! fortunate resolve! The young clerk had without doubt heard of the Irish forfeitures, and the acquisitions of Raleigh. Gazing round his dusky chamber, he compared this picture with that, brooded over the present, pierced futurity with a glance, returned to his garret in the city, packed up his trunk and was off for Dublin. In that city he landed on the 23rd June, 1588, with, as we have said, £27 in his pocket, a small but select wardrobe, and three forged letters of introduction to influential inhabitants. Such was the result of—to use the euphonism of Budgell—his resolve to travel! It is good to give the account in his own words; taken from the "True Remembrances:"

"When I first arrived at Dublin, in Ireland, the 23rd of June, 1588, all my wealth then was twenty-seven pounds three shillings in money, and two tokens which my mother had formerly given me, viz., a diamond ring, which I ever have since, and still do wear, and a bracelet of gold worth about £10; a taffety doublet cut with and upon taffety; a pair of black velvet breeches laced; a new Milan fustian suit laced and cut upon taffety; two cloaks, competent linen and necessities, with my rapier and dagger."

No mention is made in this catalogue of the forged letters of introduction, though they formed by far the most important item of this young man's possessions. But the omission will be excused when we reflect that the "True Remembrances" were intended for the edification of his posterity and the glorification of his own name. Indeed it is essential to a thorough understanding of this product of the earl's maturity to read between the lines; if you do not, you shall see nothing more than a modest, ingenuous statement of the self-made man, who looks back with natural self-complacency and gratitude to the Giver of all good, for greatness and wealth achieved from humble beginnings; but if you do, you shall see a most notable instance of the devil's favourite sin, "the pride that apes humility." We shall here

supply the earl's omission by citing a passage from the Rev. C. B. Gibson's "History of the County of Cork," which stands last in the list at the head of this article. It must be remembered that the Earl of Cork, besides the "True Remembrances," wrote a minute and voluminous diary, still we regret to say in manuscript, recording every event in his life; and kept a constant correspondence with the chief statesmen of the day and the members of his own family, when absent from home; and that all these documents, forming an enormous mass, were placed at the disposal of Mr. Gibson, to aid him in the composition of his work. This author then has at p. 22, vol. ii., edition, 1861, the following passage:—

"Richard Boyle is charged—it is true eleven years after the alleged offence—with having practised a cheat before he was appointed to the office of Deputy-Escheator. One Henry Deane stated before the Star Chamber Court, that Boyle counterfeited a letter from Sir Thomas Kempe to the Constable of Dublin Castle; another from Lady Baker to Mrs. Kenny, the wife of Kenny, the Escheator for Leinster; and another from Lady Hales to Lady Delves, 'whereby he procured much friendship in Ireland.' Richard Boyle's or Lord Cork's defence is a very weak one. He acknowledged that a counterfeit letter had been delivered to the Constable on his behalf, but that he was not privy to it. Who would think of forging a letter (asks the incredulous Gibson) without the knowledge of the party interested? 'He thinketh there was a letter brought and delivered to the Constable Segar on his behalf, for so the Constable told him. He was not privy or consenting thereto, and doth know the same to be counterfeit.' And again, 'as touching these letters supposed to be counterfeited, he saith he was not at that time above seventeen years old, for it is near eleven years since. Neither, if they had been falsified, was it to the prejudice of the queen's service or anything concerning her highness; but he never delivered any such.'"

This is Richard Boyle's defence in his own words, extracted from the records of the Star Chamber, and delivered before the queen in person on a momentous occasion to which we shall presently refer. Boyle's answer to the charge of dealing in "counterfeit letters," contains what lawyers call a negative pregnant. He in effect says the letters in question contained nothing prejudicial to the queen's service, and therefore are not fitting matter for enquiry by the Star Chamber. This kind of negative is fraught with the admission of the possession and use of the letters, and is therefore said to be pregnant therewith. There is this further very damaging remark to be made on this answer, namely, that in it he deliberately falsifies his age, and raises the plea of youth in extenuation of error. Richard Boyle was at the time he deposed to, not only seventeen years old as he alleges, but twenty-two. For we know, from the dates given by him elsewhere, that he was born in 1566, and came to Ireland in 1588, armed with the letters. It is said that people who bear false testimony have need of long memories in order to avoid detection; had Boyle remembered the dates of his birth and arrival in Dublin, he would not have deposed that his age was only seventeen when the letters were counterfeited.

For the ten years after his coming to Dublin we are at a loss

for dates and the particulars of his life. These can only be supplied by the diary that, we are told, he kept with great minuteness, but which has never been published. The leading incidents of his career, however, stand out clear and well-defined, and we are at no loss to fill in the outline. For instance, we have the undoubted fact that he brought with him certain letters—forged or genuine it matters not—to persons of influence. The inference is that he acted as any worldly-wise young man would do, and delivered his credentials without loss of time, waited assiduously on his anticipated patrons, lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself into their favour, and never ceased calling and importuning until he obtained the coveted appointment. We are told by one of his biographers that whilst waiting for this desirable consummation, he gained a livelihood by drawing patents, memorials and petitions, and examining title-deeds and family documents; in other words, by doing the business of a modern conveyancer. The employment was not of an elevated character, but it formed an admirable apprenticeship for the future appropriator of vast estates, both lay and ecclesiastical.

But the letters of introduction and his superadded reminders stood to him. The appointment came before very long, for we find him mentioned in the Exchequer records as deputy-escheator in 1590. It was an eventful moment in this young man's career when he got the news. Talk of county-court judgeships, of poor-law, education, charity, government board commissionerships at the present day! Why they are as nothing compared with the power and consequent emoluments of a deputy-escheator of the early part of the seventeenth century. And all that power and consequent emoluments conferred on a young man of two or three and twenty! I doubt whether the ease and dignity of a bishopric in not very olden time, or the glorious relief from ennui of an Irish judgeship would be equivalent in the eyes of the young and aspiring Boyle to the expected profits of the deputy-escheatorship. Be that as it may, his appointment to this lucrative office is a clear and well-defined fact in his early career, and as such we note it in order to mark, as it were, a prominent feature in the outline of this part of his life. It is strange, however, that this important and fortunate appointment has not been noticed by any, save one, of his numerous biographers. This anomaly is explained by the fact that he himself makes no mention of it in his "True Remembrances," written evidently to cajole the world and put a favourable gloss on equivocal and suspicious circumstances; and that these "True Remembrances" are the foundation and staple of all the lives, save one, that have been written of the so-called great Earl of Cork. The error began with a professed panegyrist, and has been handed down from author to author, until at last the world has come habitually to style this King Hudson of the

sixteenth century, "the Great Earl," and, what is worse, to believe in his greatness.

Well, we have this fact, the appointment to the deputy-escheatorship, not mentioned in the "True Remembrances," but without doubt duly chronicled in the "Diary," and disinterred by the industry of Mr. Gibson from the musty records of the past. Once installed in office, the confident and happy youth proceeded south to the scene of his early labours and first triumphs. The land of the Desmonds presented the richest field for the exertion of the devices so graphically delineated by Davies in the extract we have quoted above. There the forfeitures were recent and widespread. Whole counties had already been sequestered: the entire province might be involved. The new government official had a peculiar instinct for the prey, and was backed by irresistible power. Every petty chieftain who had adhered to the Great Rebel—and which of them had not?—trembled in his shoes. Some of us remember the peregrinations of the Devon Commissioners; how the Earl of Devon and Sir Thomas Redington traversed the country, put up at out-of-the-way places, and held their court of enquiry in road-side inns. Even so did our deputy proceed; he enquired into defective titles, discovered flaws, hinted at possibilities, and—reported to the public authorities shall we say? No, but privately compounded! It was probably during these halcyon days that Boyle possessed himself of the Castle of Askeaton on the Shannon, all but the greatest of the Desmond strongholds; probably it was then, too, that he first carved out for his descendants an inheritance in the barony of Corkaguiny and neighbourhood of Dingle; and it was then, too, that he appropriated Derrynane Abbey, where, by the ocean wave, in after years, the Liberator imbibed that spirit and energy which enabled him to burst those fetters which Richard, first Earl of Cork, contributed more than any man that ever lived to forge.

All his time was not, however, absorbed in the duties of his office. During his circuit he paid flying visits to the hospitable mansion of William Apsley, of the County Limerick, Esq., the owner of a fair estate, and father of a son and two daughters. We have no doubt but that the diamond ring, the gold bracelet worth £10, and the velvet hose and doublet, all so graphically described in the "True Remembrances," were on these occasions brought into requisition. His manner and business aptitude, to say nothing of his recent purchases or his capacity and opportunities for further acquisition, charmed the old gentleman, whilst his insinuating address and handsome face captivated the inexperienced eyes of young Joan Apsley. He married this lady on the 6th November, 1595. Here we have an undoubted fact, really not very important, but of which very skilful use was made by the writer of the "True Remembrances." We have said that Mr. Apsley was father of a son as well as of two daughters,

though the contrary is to be inferred from the universally accepted statement that Boyle married one of two co-heiresses. The son's name was Edward, a young man who committed suicide shortly before the marriage of his sister. This fact we learn from the record of a grant from the crown of the goods and chattels of the poor suicide to his two sisters and their respective husbands, made in the year 1596, the 38th Elizabeth. An epitome of the grant, extracted from the patent rolls of that queen, is contained in the Calendar, edited by Mr. James Morrin, "by authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls of Ireland," and is as follows:—

"Grant to Thomas Browne and Maria, his wife, and to Richard Boyle and Joan, his wife, of all the goods and chattels, real and personal, of Edward Apselye, son and heir of William Apselye, who drowned himself in the Nore, on the 7th January, in the 37th year of her Majesty's reign; whereby, on the information of one Francis Mitchell, all his possessions came to the Crown. Dublin, January 10th, 38^o."

We learn from this document whence was derived part at least of the ample fortune he received with his bride; but, as might be expected, not a word about it, nor indeed more than a passing allusion to poor Joan is accorded in the veracious memoir of the pompous and prosperous earl.

For the three or four years succeeding his marriage, Richard Boyle's life is a blank to us; in the absence of authentic information we can only conjecture. He followed his profession as usual, examined titles, bought abbeys and castles, and was gradually growing into importance. All of a sudden came a thunder-clap. There were powerful personages on the watch who had marked out their own game, and approved not of a comparatively unknown poacher on their manor. Sir Henry Wallop, the Treasurer for War in Ireland; the Irish Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas; and Sir Richard Bingham, Chief Commissioner of Connaught, joined in a representation to the queen, that this Richard Boyle, "who had come over without any estate or fortune, had made so many purchases as it was not possible to do without some foreign prince's purse to supply him with money." He had indeed a previous warning of latent hostility existing in the same quarter; for in May, 1597, he was committed to the Marshalsea by Chief Justice Gardiner and Sir Henry Wallop, on a charge of stealing a horse and a jewel. Indictments were found against him, but he purchased a pardon—for in those days pardons were purchasable—by a payment of £20. The new charge, however, was of a different complexion; he got an inkling of it, and with his accustomed energy gathered together all his available assets and made for Dingle, which he succeeded in reaching. He there took shipping, and before many days had elapsed the deputy-escheator was ensconced in his old garret in the Middle Temple, ready to

resume his law studies or any other pursuit conducive to the fleecing of his brother-man. The date of his arrival is not fixed, but we can place it within narrow limits. The Tyrone war had broken out and had extended to Munster. Spenser's house at Kilcoleman had been sacked, and the poet himself consigned to Westminster Abbey. Essex, who had provided for the latter's funeral, had been appointed to the command of the army in Ireland and to the office of Lord Lieutenant, and was preparing for departure to his post. We cannot, therefore, be wrong in naming the month of March or April, 1599, as the period of Boyle's return to the Temple. In the meantime Sir Henry Wallop's animosity had relaxed; he had rid himself of a dangerous interloper, and he hoped to pursue his own game undisturbed by this audacious intruder on his preserves. But though Sir Henry's animosity abated, not so his vigilance. He soon discovered, through the agency of his London detectives, that Boyle had made friends for himself out of the Mammon of iniquity which he had imported into the capital from the spoils of Ireland. Anthony Bacon, brother of the great lord of that name, was the friend of Essex, and had somehow become the intimate of Boyle. Bacon at once detected the great capabilities of the latter, and introduced him to Essex, who, being struck by his talents and intimate knowledge of the country he was going to govern, enlisted the young man in his service. All this was faithfully reported to Wallop, and renewed his anxiety and vexation. He revived his former charges against Boyle, and found means to stimulate the anger of the queen. Her majesty caused the deputy-escheator to be arrested and committed a close prisoner to a well-known place of incarceration called the Gatehouse. But Boyle was now a very different person from the raw youth who, eleven years before, went forth to seek his fortune. He had ample resources, and used them with judicious liberality to create strong partisans among the court party. He boldly demanded enquiry in the presence of the queen herself. His demand was graciously complied with. Her majesty repaired in person to the Star Chamber, and had the prisoner brought forward. The charges were read out; his small beginnings, rapid rise, and supposed Spanish proclivities were insisted on. The forged letters, the awkward incident respecting the stolen horse and jewel, in fact every suspicious circumstance in his Irish career were raked up and laid to his charge. But the traverser was more than a match for his prosecutor. He had long since made the acquaintance of one Kettlewell, a confidential clerk of the Irish Treasurer, and from him had wormed out the secret practices of Wallop, and obtained possession of some damaging papers, containing evidence of peculation, written in that functionary's own hand. In his defence, therefore, he contented himself with denying generally the charges against himself, gave a

lively picture of his toils and zeal in her majesty's service, and attributed his errors, if errors there were, to youthful inexperience and over-mastering devotion to the best and greatest of sovereigns and most lovely of women. Then turning upon his adversary, he charged him with malversation in office, and produced, under the unfortunate man's own hand, proofs of peculation. He spoke to a willing audience; the queen, whose mind had been well prepared beforehand, was greatly moved; she pitied him for the toils he had gone through for her sake, admired the skill with which he had unmasked a peculating public servant, pronounced sentence of dismissal against his adversary, and, in the face of the whole Star Chamber Council, as the "True Remembrances" exultingly record, gave him her royal hand to kiss.* She did more: she invited him to court, and shortly after appointed him to the office of Clerk of the Council of Munster and Keeper of the Signet. This appointment proved a turning point in his career; it brought him into close contact with our old friend, Sir George Carew, then President of Munster. These two congenial spirits at once struck up a friendship; they seemed to know one another by intuition, and henceforth reciprocal services cemented their union. But we have slightly anticipated. The proceedings we have described took time; and in the meanwhile Essex had taken himself off to Ireland, had been defeated and had returned without license. Mountjoy was made Lord Deputy, and Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster. The first step taken by Boyle after his appointment shows his consummate tact and knowledge of human nature. He bought from Sir Walter Raleigh a ship called the *Pilgrim*, freighted her with the most useful military stores, and sailed for the Shannon. He reached his destination just as Carew had got possession of the strong Castle of Carrigafoyle, which had been surrendered to him without a blow by O'Connor-Kerry in July, 1600. The president, who was at once captivated by the forethought and liberal spirit of his subordinate, lost no time in administering to him the oaths of office, and making him a justice of the peace for the entire province. "This," says the "True Remembrances," "was the second rise God gave to my fortune." We had previously noted that his marriage with Joan Apsley was the "first rise." This name reminds us that the poor lady died at Mallow on the 14th December, 1599, in childbirth. Probably her anxiety for her husband's safety, caused by his flight and imprisonment, contributed to the extinction of her young life and hopes. She and her still-born son lie under an undistinguished stone in a graveyard at Buttevant; neither alabaster nor marble records her lineaments, her virtues, or the love and money she lavished on

* The whole of this paragraph and what follows treats the "True Remembrances" as founded in fact. In the sequel it will be found that they are the veriest fiction.

the young adventurer. And here we crave the reader's indulgence for stepping over thirty years—but only to return again to the point whence we started—in order to tell the story of the monument to his second wife, and signalize a contrast. In 1603, Richard Boyle had married the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, the Lord Treasurer of Ireland, and through her grandfather, Lord Chancellor Weston, a near connection of the Earl of Portland, the Lord Treasurer of England. This lady had borne him fifteen children, seven sons and eight daughters. Two of the sons had died in childhood, three were peers of the realm, one was an expectant peer, and the seventh became the peerless Robert Boyle, the great experimental philosopher. His eight daughters were—with one exception—married to peers or the heirs presumptive of peers. At the time of which we write he was himself Earl of Cork, with a long list of subsidiary titles; he was the richest and most powerful noble in Ireland, and vied with the greatest in England, and, as one of the lords-justices, was virtual ruler of this country. His head was turned; he began to consider himself more than mortal. "God's Providence is my inheritance," the motto he had selected on his elevation in 1626 to the earldom, expressed his idea of the presiding care that watched over his destiny. Men trembled at his word. Archbishops, bishops, and deans and chapters, were his very humble servants. Thus highly placed, his second wife having died in the year 1629, he determined to raise an unexampled monument at once to her virtues and to his own surpassing glory. At this time the venerable Cathedral of St. Patrick, though long transferred to Protestant hands, had not yet been completely fitted up for Protestant worship. The high altar had been removed, but no communion-table had taken its place; and the building was principally used, on occasions of state ceremonial, for prayer and preaching. It is more than doubtful whether Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, had ever heard of the famous Mausolæum or of the Pyramids of Egypt as receptacles for the dead; had he done so, he would in all probability have converted the entire fabric of the cathedral into a tomb for the Boyle family. As it was, he seized upon the most sacred spot within the consecrated precincts, and with the consent of the dean and chapter, and, we blush to say, with the tacit approval of Archbishop Usher, raised for himself the well-known monument on the site where the high altar once stood and the communion-table now stands. The design seems to be that of an altar with a reredos reaching from the floor to roof. On the altar lies the figure of the late countess, with her armoured lord bent in sorrow over the cold remains. The grouping is that of a *Pietà*. Around the altar or tomb are ranged stumpy half-size figures of all the young male Boyles, apparently intended to represent the Apostles. On each side rise, tier above tier, life-sized effigies of the female members of the family, representative of

cherubims and seraphims, while crowning the whole edifice is perched the similitude of old Chancellor Weston. Poor Joan Apsley alone of all the family found no place there; her people were merely respectable, and had, perhaps, fallen in the world. Was not the limestone slab over the Buttevant grave enough for her? The two principal figures are of granite, all the subordinate ones of alabaster, painted in black, blue and red, and besmeared with gilding. The framework of the reredos is of black marble. The sculpture is hideous and grotesque. The whole structure is suggestive of a Chinese Pagoda; by the Earl of Cork, it was deemed a fitting substitute for the high altar of the Catholics, and ample compensation for the absence of the communion-table of the Protestants. When it was first erected not a word of disapproval was heard in Dublin; thousands flocked to see and be awestruck. The apotheosis of Richard Boyle was complete. But there were those who looked on with silent horror and indignation, and conveyed their complaints in petitions to King Charles, and letters to Laud, Bishop of London. For some time no notice was taken; but at length the Earl of Cork had to resign his high office in favour of Thomas Lord Wentworth—afterwards Earl of Strafford—who was appointed Lord Deputy. This nobleman, as everyone knows, was arbitrary and despotic. But he loved the king and wished the people well. He was imperious, but his imperiousness was directed against the high and mighty. The desire of his soul was—

"To clip the wings
Of those high-soaring arbitrary kings."

Nor was there a man alive more apt to tell Boyle that property has its duties as well as its rights. His whole nature revolted against the all-absorbing, egotistical, plutocrat who preceded him in office. He assumed the reins of government in 1631, and acting on the suggestion of his bosom-friend Laud, he declared war against the monument, and required its removal. Lord Cork refused compliance; a royal commission of enquiry issued, and the affair threatened to assume national dimensions. The earl wrote to Sir W. Beecher "that he would sooner lose his right arm, than have his monument disturbed." He also wrote to Laud—now become Archbishop of Canterbury—and (what few suspect) then or lately Provost of Trinity College, near Dublin. Unfortunately the earl's letter to Laud is not preserved, but from the archbishop's reply we can gather its substance. He represented himself as a much-injured man, the victim of Wentworth's dislike. He pointed out how true a friend he had been to religion; not a Papist was in Lismore, Bandon, or Youghal; he had erected alms-houses for old Protestants, and schools for young ones; he paid annual stipends to several chaplains and vicars—to sum up all, he was the bulwark of the Protestant faith

in Ireland. And was he to be disgraced before the face of the congregation? Besides he could assure his grace that, after all, the monument was a great ornament to the cathedral; and, moreover, he solemnly denied that it was placed on the site of the high altar. The assertion that it was so *must* be false, for the Papists always erected the high altar in the *Lady Mary's* Chapel, &c. To this appeal the archbishop sent a reply which contains at once a dignified rebuke, a lesson in ecclesiastical architecture, and a terrible snubbing of a rich old earl of sixty-eight by an archbishop of sixty-one years of age. The document is a remarkable one, and as we have never seen it in print, except in the large tomes containing "The Letters and Despatches of Earl Strafford," edited by Knowler, we have no hesitation in now laying it before the reader, and recommending it to his attentive perusal. It is given at p. 222, vol. i., of Strafford's despatches:—

"The Archbishop of Canterbury to the Earl of Cork.

"Salutem in Christo.

"My very good Lord,

"It is very true that I have taken exception to the monument which you have built in St. Patrick's Church; and I hope your lordship will easily conceive I could not easily prophesy of any such thing; and, therefore, must needs have knowledge of it from thence, as I assure your lordship I had, and from good hands, though I cannot now recall from whom. My lord, the report that the tomb was built where the high altar stood, and the communion-table should now stand, did not come lately to me, as your lordship supposes; for I assure you I heard of it and complained of it to the king, and desired remedy before ever my lord-deputy that now is was ever so much as named to that place. And, therefore, whereas your lordship writes that you built it three years since, and never heard any mouth opened against it, it seems that some mouths that durst not open there, did fully open here; for, I assure you, upon my credit, the information above mentioned came unto me. I had then just cause to doubt, considering the form of all other cathedrals which I have seen, that the east window was darkened by it; but that it is not so I am fully satisfied. For the other exception that it stands where the high altar stood, and the communion-table ought to stand, I must clearly confess to your lordship, I am not satisfied, nor whether it will not take too much room off the choir, when the screen is built as you intend it. Neither can your lordship think that I will make myself judge of these or any other inconveniences, having never been on the place to see it, but shall have it wholly to such view and consideration as shall then be had of it, yet wishing, with all my heart, that you had erected that monument upon the side of the choir or any other convenient place, rather than where you have now set it. And I must needs tell your lordship such an erection as that would have asked very good deliberation where to have placed it. As for the dean and chapter's consent, if they had understood themselves and the church better, your lordship had been free from these fears.

"I have received, together with your lordship's letter, two other—one from my Lord Primate of Armagh, and the other from the Lord Archbishop of Dublin; but neither of their reports do fully satisfy me, as will appear by the answers I have given their lordships; neither can I give your lordship such an answer as I see you expect; for as yet never did I see that cathedral church where the high altar stood in the *Lady Mary's* Chapel, and not at the upper end of the choir; which place under favour of better judgments I cannot say is a place fit for any man's monument.

"And whereas your lordship writes at the latter end of your letters that you bestow a great part of your estate and time in charitable works—I am heartily glad to hear it; but withal your lordship will, I hope, give me leave to deal freely with you, and then I must tell your lordship if you have done as you write you have suffered strangely for many years together by the tongues of men, who have often and constantly affirmed

that you have not been a very good friend to the Church in the point of her maintenance. I hope these reports are not true ; but if they be, I cannot account your work charitable, having no better foundation than the livelihood of the Church taken away to do them.

"I am sorry I cannot give your lordship any other answer to your letters than what here I have written, and therefore leave the tomb to be viewed and ordered by my lord-deputy and the archbishops there, as they shall find fittest to be done. So I leave you to the grace of God, and rest

"Your lordship's loving, poor friend,

"W. CANT.

"Lambeth, March 21st, 1633."

The sequel of this episode is soon told. Strafford committed the inexpiable sin against Boyle of conquering him and compelling him to remove the monument ; Boyle retaliated in after years by contributing largely to the decapitation of Strafford.

We shall conclude this portion of our narrative by an extract from a rare and curious tract, republished by Messrs. Thom and Sons in 1860, and entitled "Ireland's Natural History, written by Gerard Boate, late Doctor of Physic to the State in Ireland, and now published by Samuel Harttil, Esq., for the common good of Ireland, and more especially for the benefit of the adventurers and planters therein. Written in 1645." The extract is as follows :—

"One of the little islands situate in Lough Derg hath been famous for the space of some centuries over almost all Christendom ; because the world was made to believe that *there* was the suburbs of purgatory. Which persuasion having been until our time, the matter hath been discovered within these few years and found to be a mere illusion. This discovery was made during the government of Richard Boile, Earl of Cork, and Adam Loftus, Viscount Elie, who being two lords-justices in the last years of King James, and desirous to know the truth of the business, sent some persons of qualitie to the place to enquire. These found, &c. . . . To prevent this delusion the said lords-justices caused the friars to depart from thence, their dwelling quite to be demolished, and the hole or cell to be broken open and altogether exposed to the open air, in which state it hath byen ever since ; whereby that pilgrimage to purgatory is quite come to nothing, and never hath been undertaken since by any."

We have very recently read how a bishop from the Far West travelled some 3,000 miles to visit this same small island in Lough Derg, and how the right rev. pilgrim made a lengthened stay in these same suburbs of purgatory which Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, thought he had utterly demolished. We have also lately viewed, relegated to an obscure corner of St. Patrick's Cathedral, just at the end of the south nave, at the right hand side as you enter by the great western door, the hideous monument which Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, set up as an object of worship on the site of the high altar.

THOMAS GALLWEY.

(*To be continued.*)

SAINT FRITHESTAN.

[Frithestan was succeeded in the Bishopric of Winchester by Brynstan about the year 932. For his character and the miraculous incident mentioned below, see the "Chronicle of Florence of Worcester."]

Guiding, reproving, nurturing, defending,
Through nights of care, through days of toil untold,
Wrought Frithestan, a faithful shepherd tending
His Master's fold.

And when the crozier his tired hand departed
In feeble age, and Brynstan in his stead
Pastured his flock, he daily—tender-hearted—
Prayed for the dead.

"Pray for the dead, the helpless dead, my brothers,
The living for themselves can plead," he said ;
"These have no hope save in the prayers of others.
Pray for the dead."

Thus said he, and thus wrought he. Daily ringing
Through the great minster his clear voice uprose
In loving requiems for the dead, his singing
For their repose.

Yet in that hour of anguish and sharp trial
Which darkens round us ere the perfect meed
Is gained, fiends crowding round him made denial
Of this his deed.

"Fond fool !" they whispered, "vain was thy endeavour
In idle mockery have thy prayers been said.
Know, nothing may avail the dead forever ;
The dead are dead !"

Then in his faint soul rose no wise and ready
Response, but troubled, weeping, he made wail.
"Trusting and loving, Lord, I did it," said he,
"Nor yet will fail !"

Thus saying, rose at midnight ; did not falter,
But from his sick couch to the minster sped,
There standing, sang before the great high altar
Mass for the dead.

Sang while the long, dim, echoing aisles resounded,
Sang while the thin lamp flickered ; did not cease
Nor faint till duly the last words had sounded,
" Rest they in peace !"

From where in hallowed mould they slept their slumber,
From nave and aisle, from garth and cloister near,
Strange, solemn voices, voices beyond number,
Rose to his ear.

As down the long, lone vaults his tones were dying,
A full response came back, for even then
He heard from all their graves the dead replying
One deep " Amen."

Then on the old man's spirit peace descended,
Peace, that he knew his loving work was blessed ;
And soon, with joy, from life's disquiet wended
To its great rest.

F. S. P.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1820, is a memorable date in contemporary history. Early on the morning of that eventful day, big with the fate of the Bourbon dynasty, the booming of cannon from the Invalides, reverberating along the quays and down the Rue Rivoli until it reached the ears of the anxious crowd assembled near the Pavillon de Marsan, announced to expectant Paris that a child was born of the race of the Grande Monarque. The customary salvo of twenty-four guns further proclaimed that the child was a prince—the prince for whose auspicious advent all Catholic and monarchical France had been praying ; the heir of sixty kings, and the hope of the elder branch of that long line dating back to Hugues Capet, with which the destinies of "*la grande nation*" were linked for well-nigh a thousand years ; the child who was to be hailed by prophets and pontiffs as the great king whose mission is to restore Christian monarchy on the old theocratic basis, and close forever the era of revolutions ; to be greeted by Victor Hugo in fervid poetic strains as another Clovis, the new column of the Holy Temple ; chaunted by Lamartine as the child of miracle, and unanimously recognised by the Papal nuncio and the Emperor Alexander, representatives of the spiritual and temporal powers and of the two great divi-

sions of Christendom, as the child of Europe and the presage and guarantee of the peace and repose it was confidently hoped would follow an epoch of continual agitation. Four years and three months had elapsed since the union of the Duc de Berry, second son of Charles X. (then Count d'Artois), and the Princess Mary Caroline, eldest daughter of the hereditary prince of the Two Sicilies, was accomplished, a union full of promise for France and Europe; and just seven months and fifteen days since the fatal night when the poniard of Louvel found its way to the heart of him who, of all the princes of the blood, was the most exposed to the knife or bullet of the assassin, but who, regardless of the frequent anonymous letters full of secret menaces or counsels of which he was the recipient, and which failed to inspire him with either fear or prudence, paid the penalty of his bravery or rashness as he emerged from the Theatre des Arts in the Rue Richelieu. The Revolution, which, in the intoxication of its first triumph, thought it could abolish the monarchy as well as it had decimated the old aristocracy of France—finely called by De Maistre "the prolongation of sovereignty"—flattered itself that now, at least, it had not missed its aim, and that, by the hand of Louvel, who boasted that he had slain a prince only that he might extinguish in him a whole race of kings at one blow, it had given the House of Bourbon its death-wound. But it was to learn that the prayer of faith is more potent to save than the knife of the guillotine—that blind Fury whose abhorred shears cut the thread of so many noble and ignoble lives—or the poniard of the assassin to destroy; and that the child it hoped would never see the light, the child to whom the Duc de Berry referred in his last words to his courageous wife: "*Mon amie, ne vous laissez pas accabler par douleur; ménagez vous pour l'enfant que vous portez*"—was to be providentially preserved, despite the cowardly attempts made to frustrate the princess's hopes of maternity, to gladden the hearts of the legitimists of all ranks and classes who thronged the passages of the Tuileries and the neighbourhood of that antique Louvre, which Shakespeare called "the mistress court of mighty Europe," and Voltaire, "one of the most august monuments of architecture in the world;" including the 500 soldiers admitted to be witnesses to the authenticity of the birth, vainly contested by the wily Duke of Orleans and his intriguing sister, Madame Adelaide, chagrined to see the prospect of the succession reverting to the younger branch thus diverted. Presented successively to the people from the balcony of the Tuileries by the Duchess d'Angoulême, the orphan of the Temple, by Louis XVIII. and by the royal mother herself, who had her bed moved close to the window—an episode perpetuated by a medal struck in honour of the occasion, bearing on one side the effigy of the Duchess presenting the infant to the nation, and on the reverse the Archangel St. Michael, on whose feast he was born—the

child, prefigured in maternal dreams, and so confidently expected by the country that the cities of the south sent congratulatory deputations beforehand to the capital—a remarkable instance of popular belief in the providential mission of the French monarchy—was ushered into life amid a chorus of rejoicings and coincidence of auspicious signs such as marked the natal hour of that other prince of whom the English poet says:—

“At thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose.”

Nothing that could add *éclat* or significance to the event was omitted, even to the rubbing of the lips with garlic brought expressly from Pau, the birthplace of the white-plumed hero of Navarre, and the pouring of some drops of Jurançon wine down his throat by the king, who presented the traditional bouquet of diamonds to his daughter-in-law, whose only regret was that she could not call to mind the song of Jeanne d'Albert, “*A Nousto-Dame d'ou cap d'ou poun*,” so that everything might pass as at the birth of “*le bon Henri*.” The glad tidings penetrated everywhere, even into the condemned cell, for the royal clemency conceded to a mother's prayers what justice had denied to the father's dying entreaties, and the pardon of the criminals who had imperilled two lives so dear to France and the monarchy proved that the Bourbons could practise the difficult Christian virtue of returning good for evil, and the grand-nephew of a king who died on the scaffold, and son of a prince who died by the poniard, cause that high prerogative which makes earthly power show likest God's to add a lustre to the kingly office. The *dames de la halle* of Bordeaux, where the white flag was first unfurled (in grateful recognition of which Louis XVIII. had decided the prince should bear the title of Duc de Bordeaux), sent the Duchess de Berry a silver cradle for the royal infant, already endowed with the domain of Chambord, purchased by national subscription, and presented on behalf of France by the Minister of the Interior, Count Siméon, with the remark: “Castles enough will be one day at his disposal, and it is the Chamber, in the name of the nation, will have to regulate his appanage.” To crown all, the waters of the Jordan, brought from Palestine by Châteaubriand, were poured upon his head by Mgr. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, while he was held at the font by the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, sponsors by proxy for the King of France and the Crown Princess of Naples, and received the names of Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné d'Artois in that venerable Cathedral of Notre Dame which has already seen four heirs to the throne baptized within its hallowed precincts during the century, but has rarely witnessed a more imposing royal pageant than the solemn ceremony which took place on the 1st

of May, 1821, the seventh anniversary of the entry of Louis XVIII. into Paris.

But all this national rejoicing was of short duration. Little more than three years had passed over the fair young head, already filled with dreams of military glory, and thinking how proud he would be if he were old enough to join the expedition to Algiers, and return with scarred visage like General de la Rochejaquelin, when Louis XVIII., the author of that fatal charter which Jules Janin said "contained *en germe* all our liberties and all our future revolutions," died, and was succeeded by his brother, Count d'Artois, who took the title of Charles X. The new king was hailed by the public journals as "the noble son of France, the model of honour and loyalty, the best prince who could have been called to reign over a loyal people," but was fated to soon learn the lesson that history teaches those

"Who o'er the herd would wish to reign
Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood!"

to exclaim with the poet,

"Thou many-headed monster thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king!"

while he thought how self-deceived was that scion of the Plantagenets when he said:

"How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy."

Endeavouring to avoid the Sylla of the Godless Revolution, the king, or the king's ministers, ran the barque of the State upon the Charybdis of the counter-revolution, and wrecked the monarchy at the very moment when the fall of Algiers had invested it with that military prestige so coveted by the French, and which shed a sunset brilliancy upon its declining hours. Then came the July revolution, consummated in three days, and which was so skilfully planned that it had all the appearance of a spontaneous movement; and Charles X. and the Dauphin, Louis Antoine de Bourbon, having simultaneously abdicated* in favour of the Duc

* The anonymous author of the *Secret History of the Revolution of July, 1830*, asserts that according to the charter and constitutional laws of the kingdom, the Dauphin could not abdicate, since he had not been acknowledged by the Chamber of Peers as successor to the throne and the crown of Charles X. after his abdication; which abdication could only become valid after being accepted by the Chamber of Peers and registered there. Instead of that the two abdications took place the same day and hour, and were transmitted to the Chamber of Peers together, and the Chamber had not a sufficient number of members assembled to render the registration valid.

de Bordeaux, whose youth sheltered him from any imputation—the only solution, it was thought, of the crisis in the interests of France and hereditary monarchy—Henri learned for the first time that he was king! The child wept as he silently listened to a lecture on the responsibilities of royalty from his governor, Baron de Damas, who took him on his knees, and then threw himself into the arms of his grandfather, who spoke to him in turn of the duties of a king. Everybody looked to him, young as he was, as the hope of the monarchy: everybody except those republican dreamers who raved of a Romanized and paganized France, with its Brutus and its Gracchi, its tribunes and its prætors, whose aim it was “to tread down fair respect of sovereignty” and push the country nearer and nearer to the revolutionary abyss that yawned before it. Ten years before Louis XVIII. had announced to the multitude that thronged the avenues of the Tuileries: “There is born to us a child. This child will one day be your father; he will love as mine have always loved you.” At the time of the Rambouillet abdications the old king, it is said, never thought for a moment of the Dauphin as his successor, and the Dauphin himself afterwards avowed that the idea of placing the future of the family upon the head of Henri had entered his mind even before 1830 precipitated the issue. In the last words he addressed to the officers of the royal bodyguard, when, on bended knees, they presented the standards of their several companies, Charles X. said: “I receive these standards; they are unsullied. I hope my grandson will one day return them to you in the same condition.” Odilon Barrot, when the king hesitated quitting Rambouillet, observed significantly, “Sire, whatever may be the rights of your grandson, whatever may be your hopes for his future, be convinced that, in the very interests of those hopes, you ought to avoid having his name sullied by French blood;” and when he parted from him at Cherbourg: “Sire, take care of that child, France may one day need him;” a counsel conveyed in almost the same words to the Duchess d’Angoulême: “Madame, guard that child religiously, for France will one day, perhaps, be very glad to find him;” De Schonen, too, having awakened the hopes that centred in this child of memories and regrets, as Cardinal Machi called him, with the remark: “*Et cet enfant, qui sait ?*” “At his birth,” says Alfred Nettement, who thought those in power should have let the generations of the Revolution and the emigration disappear, and the young duke grow up in the midst of a new generation unprejudiced against him, and towards whom he would have no prejudices, enlarging simultaneously the bases of royalty and liberty, and avoiding at any cost a concussion between royalist and liberalist sentiments—“at his birth they called him *Henri* and *Dieudonné*, which proved that they had had the political and religious instinct of the situation. Unfortunately those who

latterly directed the counsels of the monarchy had not a clear perception of this situation; and, fears increasing in both the antagonistic camps, fears skilfully exploited by the party that was urging the Duke of Orleans to the throne, royalty, by the July ordinances, flung itself into the counter-revolution to escape the revolution which seemed imminent. The Restoration was then destroyed, because the exterior situation that had led to its advent no longer existed, and they were not able to solve the problem of the interior situation. The charter, like overloaded cannons, burst. Liberty again separated from royalty and essayed a new alliance with the Revolution. France retraced the pathway of political ordeals, the Bourbons took the road to exile, and royalists who could not clearly see their way to separating monarchical right from royal absolutism and privilege, and liberals who did not know how to separate the national right of popular sovereignty and revolutionary passions, found themselves in a new situation.* Royalty, it is true, sought to recover lost ground by the dismissal of ministers and the revocation of the obnoxious ordinances, but it was too late. "*C'est trop tard*" was the decisive reply of the revolutionary committee; and, driven by the force of events rather than by force of arms from the Tuileries to St. Cloud, from St. Cloud to the Trianon, from the Trianon to Rambouillet, from Rambouillet to Cherbourg, and thence into exile, the monarchy was lost through the king's indecision and mistaken clemency, but mainly for want of the rapid concentration of troops upon Paris, and, as *Nettement* says, perished, its hands still full of resources of which it had not availed. There were troops sufficient at Rambouillet to have kept Paris and the suburbs in check until the arrival of reinforcements from the camps of Luneville and St. Omer; and when the Duc de Bordeaux was proclaimed king in presence of those battalions, 10,000 voices cried enthusiastically, "Long live King Henry V.!" "Let us march on Paris!" "Let us march to La Vendée!" "There was not a man in the camp," says an eye-witness, "who would not have willingly shed his last drop of blood in defence of Henry V. But to ensure any good result from these favourable circumstances, there was that required, in which, alas! we were most deficient—a chief, a supreme head, a Wellington, who by energy, decision, and firmness would have inspired the troops and the well-disposed with confidence, and not have allowed that devotion which only asked to be used to be dispirited and discouraged from the want of orders and the uncertainty in which it was kept. But, alas! this soul, this mainspring was wanting, and the transports of enthusiasm which I had just witnessed when the young Henry was proclaimed king, and the devotion of the troops, were not

* *Henri de France, ou histoire des Bourbons de la branche aînée pendant quarante ans d'exil*, par Alfred Nettement. Vol. i., pp. 44, 45, 46.

availed of; nor were they even allowed to attempt recovering for this royal child the throne of his ancestors. This child, whom we had known from the time of his birth, whose first steps we had watched, in whose plays we had taken a part, and whom we had so often seen in the midst of our soldiers (most of whom he knew by name), sometimes playing with their swords, sometimes with his little hands striking the drums, or covering his pretty, fair head with the grenadiers' caps, would then look thoughtfully and seriously at us, as much as to say: 'Why am I not old enough to bear a helmet and sword, and to march with you against the enemies of my country?' Poor child! whose cradle had rested upon a coffin, and who had first seen his mother's smile through her tears—he who, like his noble father, had a friend in every one of our soldiers! This affection for him and devotion to his cause were now manifested by their anxious wish to be led to Paris or La Vendée—La Vendée, the cradle of royalty, the soil sprinkled with the blood of Charrette, La Rochejaquelein, Suzannet, and Lescure, and which, during thirty years, had been watered with the noblest blood of France; La Vendée, where legitimacy has always found a throne and religion an altar! La Vendée!—it was an electric word, and all repeated it with enthusiasm. We met, but our hearts were too full for utterance, we could only point to the west, and clasp each other's hands. March to the west!—this would be the overthrow of the scarcely-established government of the Duke of Orleans, the overthrow of sixteen years of labour, intrigues, and calumnies. It would put an end to the work of darkness, and tear away the veil by which it was covered; and an oath had been taken upon the poniard of Carbonarism, that this work must be accomplished.”* But the king was privately induced to revoke the order to march into La Vendée, and acceded to the wishes of the Provisional Government that he should quit France. “Had he remained firm,” says the writer just quoted, “the courage and devotion of those brave men who now surrounded him, and whose dearest hopes he had thus overthrown, would certainly have placed the crown of France upon the head of Henry V. But the king had yielded, and had again placed the cause of his unfortunate family, with the destinies of France, in that web of misfortune in which they had been entangled for nearly a century. The disappointment, rage and consternation were then unbounded; but when a short time after the order to disband was made known, then the despair of both officers and soldiers was indeed frightful, and there was a general murmur in the camp. A great number of officers, unable to contain their indignation at this last act of weakness, broke their swords in presence of the soldiers and their

* *Charles X. and Louis Philippe: the Secret History of the Revolution of July, 1830*, p. 103, *et seq.*

colonels. Others put spurs to their horses and left the camp, fearing they could not restrain the desire for vengeance which devoured them. Others talked of going to the chateau to remonstrate with the king, and compel him to act in accordance with his first decision. Others went in search of the commissaries to seize them. Others loudly demanded that the cowardly traitors who had given such base counsel to the king should be given up to them; but, for the space of three or four hours, it is impossible to give an adequate description of the dismay and confusion which prevailed.* Then as the royal procession quitted Dreux, the faithful troops, "as a tribute of fidelity and affection, placed themselves along the road by which the king was to pass, and, for the last time, slowly and silently, and with tears in their eyes, presented those arms which they would joyfully have wielded against the enemies, and in defence of the cause of their lawful monarch, but which now, by the weakness of an old man and the cowardly treachery of his advisers, were broken and rendered useless in their hands. In addition to the poignant grief they felt at the departure of Charles X., they saw the royal child to whom they were all attached, and whom they had looked upon with feelings of pride as their future king, torn from them and carried into a land of exile;" and, when the last scene of this moving drama was enacted at Valognes, "the gardes-du-corps, no longer able to master their emotion, left the ranks to prostrate themselves at the feet of the king and princes, who, extending their hands, could only reply with tears. Seized with the contagion of the same spirit, they all rose and flung themselves on their knees before their distressed sovereign, and even shed tears over those standards which were never again to wave at the head of our victorious squadrons. Oh! it was an affecting and touching thing to see this mass of warriors weeping at the feet of a dethroned monarch and a child whose destined throne had been wrested from him before he could ascend it. Several times in the day the Duc de Bordeaux had shown himself in the balcony, when he was received by the villagers, who crowded round the gates, with an enthusiasm of which he was very proud; and he related to those officers admitted to his presence the kind and flattering words he had heard—poor child! whose career in life opened with misfortune and exile, and who, perhaps, one day, under the dark and tempestuous sky of a strange land, will dream of the flowers and sunshine of his own country."†

R. F. O'CONNOR.

(*To be continued.*)

* *Op. cit.* pp. 117, 118, 119.

† *Op. cit.*, p. 189-193.

THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

BY DENIS F. HANNIGAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Whether it was that Mr. Sharkey considered his reception by the ladies more ceremonious than cordial, or that he wished to avoid much familiarity, knowing that his visit was of too official a nature to put him on intimate terms with the family, he certainly did not feel quite at his ease during dinner, and found himself drifting into the dullest commonplace, and trying to evolve some wooden humour out of professional jargon in his attempts to join in the conversation. The fact is, this faithful votary of the law, having lived a bachelor during the greater part of his life, and having mixed in no society for many years but that of persons connected with his daily avocations, had little of that graceful ease which is thought to be one of the highest marks of good-breeding. Even when the ladies had left the dining-room, the attorney seemed to be in a state of mental confusion, which was a remarkable contrast to his ordinary professional shrewdness. However, under the mellowing influence of wine, and with male companions, his self-complacency soon returned, and he spoke with a freedom, and even a vivacity, that surprised and somewhat discomposed the baronet.

"You may have observed that I am not what is generally called a ladies' man, Sir Annesley," he said, with a short laugh, as he drank off a glass of wine. "I am a little musty, you see; but it is only natural in a lawyer who has lived a single life for many years."

The baronet nodded, at a loss for a reply.

"It would seem from your tone, Mr. Sharkey," Frank broke in, "that you don't intend to remain single always."

Mr. Sharkey filled out another glass of wine, and laughed. "That is rather a delicate question, Mr. Moore," he said, with a kind of smirking affectation. "A man at my time of life ought to have his mind made up—don't you think so?"

"Well, really, I don't know," replied Frank, laughing. "It is probably a question of taste."

"You seem to look at the question in a spirit of true moderation," said the attorney, more seriously than Frank really expected. "I agree with you that we cannot lay down arbitrary rules in such cases. It is not always in our power to marry early in life, and"—glancing curiously towards Sir Annesley—"young men rarely turn out good husbands."

"Well, I don't know whether I can claim to be an authority on such questions," returned the baronet with a forced smile. "These things depend so much on circumstances, that it is vain to dogmatize upon the subject."

"No doubt—no doubt, Sir Annesley. It depends on individual tastes, perhaps, more than anything else." "Well, to return to the question that Mr. Moore asked me just now, I must say that of late I have felt rather inclined to bid adieu to celibacy."

"You express yourself admirably, Mr. Sharkey," said Frank, who enjoyed the attorney's confidential tone.

"There are so many drawbacks," Mr. Sharkey went on, "where one leads a solitary life—particularly when one is engaged in worldly pursuits—that existence becomes rather dreary. You cannot well receive a visitor, and cannot depend upon servants. You have nobody in whom you may repose perfect confidence. In fact, the utility of marriage is becoming clearer to me every day."

"You have begun to reflect on the subject rather late in life," said the baronet, in a tone that appeared slightly disdainful. "Can it really be true, Mr. Sharkey, that you have remained unmarried up to this time?"

This direct question rather posed the attorney, and he coughed awkwardly twice or thrice before he returned—

"It is the fact, Sir Annesley. It has not been my happiness to—to lead a bride to the altar up to this stage of my existence; but I hope to have that pleasure ere long, Sir Annesley. I would like to meet a young lady of good birth and cultivated mind, who might be, if I may use the expression, a social ornament."

"So, then, your choice would rest upon a young lady, Mr. Sharkey?" said Frank, with a smile. "Do you not fear that you would scarcely find a congenial partner in a young person?"

"On the contrary, I believe it is much safer and wiser for a young lady to marry a man of experience," replied the lawyer boldly. "Is it not the most important thing for a young lady of good family, but limited expectations, to have a prospect of an ample provision in life?"

Frank could not help laughing at this worldly climax to so much turgid rhetoric.

By this time Mr. Sharkey had taken a considerable quantity of wine; and his utterance was by no means so accurate as it had been an hour before. He flourished his glass in a very convivial fashion, and as he raised it to his lips, said:—

"May I take the liberty, Sir Annesley, of drinking the health of that most accomplished young lady, your daughter?"

The baronet seemed thunderstruck by the lawyer's effrontery, and hastily springing up from his seat, cried:—

"This is a piece of insolence I never anticipated, sir! You seem to think that you are at liberty to insult my family as well as myself."

"Oh! a thousand pardons, Sir Annesley," said the attorney, in rather a crestfallen manner; "I assure you, I never intended the slightest offence. I meant it all in the spirit of friendship."

"Friendship, sir!" repeated the baronet, disdainfully. "Don't talk to me of friendship, though you may think yourself privileged to threaten me when I am in difficulties. Come, Frank," he added, turning to his son, "let us return to the drawing-room."

As Frank arose, Sir Annesley, looking rather sternly at the attorney, said—"I think it would be wiser for you, Mr. Sharkey, to retire early. You will be shown to your room. You may feel a little fatigued, perhaps; and I would certainly advise you not to see the ladies again to-night."

The last words were uttered with such bitter irony, that the attorney wriggled painfully in his seat.

When Sir Annesley and Frank had quitted the dining-room, he poured out another glass of wine, and drank it off in haste; then, after a few minutes' pause, during which he vainly tried to take a clear view of the situation with his besotted faculties, he arose, and rather unsteadily advanced towards the stairs, where the housemaid was waiting, with a candle in her hand, to direct him towards his chamber.

When he found himself alone, he cast a hazy glance around the bedroom, and approaching the large mirror which stood in a corner, surveyed his image with a kind of maudlin curiosity.

"I'm not so very old, after all," he muttered, "and not so very bad-looking either, only for this"—here he winced a little, as he laid his fingers on the carbuncle that adorned his nose—"and besides, I'm a man of good position, which is the chief consideration. Girl a little too young, perhaps; but, if I could marry her, the estate would soon be mine. I could brush off that young fellow like a fly. No need, then, to resort to the other alternative."

With this soliloquy, the attorney, who was rapidly becoming too muddled to collect his thoughts very easily, hurried into bed, and was soon dreaming of successful schemes and unlimited wealth.

Soon after breakfast the following morning, Mr. Sharkey invited the baronet to accompany him over the estate; and accordingly they both went out together.

The baronet did not at all relish the task of guiding Mr. Sharkey over the property which he had always been taught to regard as his own. He did not seem inclined to treat the lawyer with anything more than formal courtesy, for the scene in the dining-room had left too disagreeable an impression on his mind to be easily effaced. As they walked along, the lawyer made several attempts to draw out Sir Annesley on the subject of marriage, but found himself so sternly repelled that he at length confined his remarks to the general aspect of the estate and the condition of the tenantry. They visited several of the farm-

houses; and Mr. Sharkey did not hesitate to ask the tenants how much they paid per acre for their land, and the number of acres they severally held. Indeed, he seemed anxious to make it known that he was personally interested in ascertaining the value of the property, as if thereby to show his vexation at the contemptuous manner in which Sir Annesley had treated him.

At length they bent their steps towards Moore's Court.

On every side the arbutus, with its crimson berries, met the eye. Occasional glimpses of the sea, wherever the hills were divided by some narrow cleft, gave an additional interest to the landscape. But Nature spoke to these men's hearts in vain!

As they were passing the church-yard, where Mr. Callanan had sorrowed over his mother's grave, and where, a few weeks after, he had buried his only daughter—

"Do you know, Mr. Sharkey, why Callanan brought his daughter to be buried here?" asked the baronet, glancing curiously into the church-yard.

"I really don't know, Sir Annesley," answered the attorney, considerably surprised at the question. "I believe some of his friends were buried there before."

"His mother, I believe?" said Sir Annesley.

"Indeed! I was not aware of that, Sir Annesley."

"Do you know who or what his mother was?" asked the baronet, stopping suddenly in his walk.

"No, Sir Annesley."

"Let us come in here, then, and see her grave."

Mr. Sharkey was astonished at Sir Annesley's curiosity, which he thought rather uncalled for; but, seeing that the baronet had already entered the church-yard, he followed without saying a word. Some time was lost in trying to discover the spot where Mr. Callanan's relatives were interred. At length Sir Annesley stopped before two graves, one of which was marked out by a plain headstone. His eye caught the name "Callanan" on this stone, and he eagerly read the inscription from beginning to end.

"So, then, his mother was the adopted child of a peasant?" muttered the baronet—"a tenant, I suppose, of my father. Ah! there is some secret buried beneath this stone."

"I believe, Sir Annesley," said the lawyer, as they left the grave-yard, "he has no reason to love your father's memory."

"Why? Do you know anything about the matter?" the baronet inquired, rather excitedly.

"Well, I can't clear up the mystery, Sir Annesley, if we may call it such; but I have often heard him speak with something like hatred of Sir Valentine Moore."

"Ha! and this is the reason he wishes to injure me, I suppose?"

"I believe his animosity extends to all your family, Sir Annesley?"

The baronet walked on, staring moodily at the ground as he proceeded along.

After a time Mr. Sharkey ventured to break the silence.

"On the whole, there seems to be very little chance of paying off those incumbrances, Sir Annesley, except by selling the property. I think it would be better to allow matters to take their course."

Sir Annesley looked up, and stared confusedly at the lawyer. "What is that you said?"

"Oh! I was suggesting, you know, that there is no use in deferring what must come off sooner or later. The only thing that can be done is to give up possession of the estate to the mortgagee. As I am his trustee, I might try to realize the amount by collecting the rents for a number of years. But really, Sir Annesley, that would be a very slow process, and might bring us within the Statute of Limitations. The best plan is an immediate sale."

"That is out of the question," said the baronet, impatiently. "Do you think I am going to allow myself to be deprived of the inheritance handed down to me by my ancestors?"

"Well, another means of avoiding the difficulty has suggested itself to me, Sir Annesley. I hope you will listen to me patiently. I have realized rather a comfortable fortune by my profession. I would be able, I think, to pay off Callanan if it were my interest to do so. You know, Sir Annesley, you would never be able to extricate yourself under present circumstances. Now, you might easily make it my interest to help you out of your embarrassments."

"I wish you would make yourself a little plainer," said the baronet.

"Well, you know, I occupy a respectable position in society, Sir Annesley. I have realized enough to redeem Moore's Court. I hope, then, you will not think me too presumptuous when I say, that if you bestow your daughter on me in marriage, matters might be arranged to the satisfaction of all parties."

They had just arrived at the door of the mansion; and Sir Annesley, stopping suddenly, exclaimed, with uncontrollable fury:—

"You must be either mad or doting to address such words to me. Is it possible that such a contemptible creature as you could have the audacity to aspire to the hand of a Moore? The Moores have never married beneath them; and certainly if any of them were to forget themselves so far, *you* could scarcely be the occasion of any such indiscretion on the part of any young lady!"

"Very well," muttered the lawyer, who was stung by these bitter words. "I know how to act. You may affect to despise me now; but perhaps you will soon discover your mistake."

By one of those desperate efforts by which men sometimes overcome themselves, when pride and self-interest are struggling in fierce conflict within their breasts, Sir Annesley curbed his anger, and endeavoured to assume his usual air of serenity as they entered the house.

That night the attorney reviewed the incidents of the day in a very arithmetical fashion, calculating the profit and loss accruing from Sir Annesley's refusal with great nicety.

"On the whole, it will come to the same thing in the end," he murmured. "The estate might be mine in the one case; its value must be mine in the other. One alternative having failed, now for the other. You may try to treat me with contempt, Sir Annesley, but I'll show you that I'm not a man to be despised, and, ere six months have passed, there sha'n't be a trace of the Moores of Moore's Court."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SCARCELY three weeks had elapsed since Mr. Sharkey's visit to Moore's Court, and already one of the links that bound the household together was about to be severed. A commission had been purchased for Frank; and he had made arrangements for joining his regiment, which was stationed within a few miles of London. His expected departure added to the gloom which was already overshadowing the family. Frank's genial disposition seemed to gain the affection and sympathy of everyone with whom he came into contact. There was about him an unaffected cheerfulness and gay simplicity that often produced a more favourable impression than more brilliant and intellectual qualities.

His mother, while she sighed at the thought that he was not of her own faith, was proud of his manly and straightforward character; and Sir Annesley himself entertained some hopes that Frank, by his courage and dauntless indifference to the changes of fortune, might one day be the means of restoring his family to its original affluence and dignity.

That very morning Mr. Winkleson had called to bid him "good-bye;" and, by some power of exciting the lachrymal glands peculiar to gentlemen of his description, this monoculous sportsman had actually shed tears as he parted with Frank, whom he described as "an honour both to his family and his profession." Between Rose and her brother there had always been a strong bond of affection, though their difference of temperament had often led to little domestic conflicts, in which he had always met her sharp repartees with good-humoured sarcasm.

It was the evening before his departure ; and they lingered for a long time in the garden, conversing on many topics in which they were mutually interested, and looking forward, not without some feelings of sadness and painful uncertainty, to the time when they should see one another no longer.

The sun was bathing the west in a flood of purple glory, and the autumnal twilight shed a mellow radiance on every surrounding object. Trees and flowers seemed to droop in sorrow over the dying day. The birds had retreated to their nests. Nature seemed voiceless and tranquil, as though she were gliding into a sweet slumber. There is something beautiful and mysterious in that quiet hour, when day and night seem to be intermingling.

"I assure you, Frank," said Rose, with unwonted emotion, "it saddens me to think that this is the last sunset you may see at Moore's Court for a long, long time. After all, change is one of the most disagreeable things in life, for it tears us away from all our dearest associations."

"That may be true ; but then, you know, men must go forth at some time to mingle with the great world. Everything great that has been, or shall ever be, done in this world, required unflinching courage. As for myself, I am determined to hold my own in the battle of life, if I can."

"I am sure you will, dear Frank," cried Rose, laying her hand, with sudden tenderness, on her brother's shoulder. "If I were a man, I think nothing would daunt me. I would die before I would shrink from any danger where honour called me ; and I would never flinch, even though I found myself overpowered by dastard foes. If you have no other inheritance, dear brother, remember that you are bound to be brave."

Frank kissed his sister, who had uttered these words with impetuous warmth.

"By this time to-morrow, Frank, I may utter your name, and you cannot hear my voice."

"No ; but we can think of one another," said Frank, as they entered the house together. "There is a language more profound than that which is uttered by the tongue—the language of the heart ; and can we not sympathize with one another in our hearts even though we were thousands of miles apart ?"

During the rest of that evening Frank conversed with his mother, telling her of his confidence in the future, and trying by every means in his power to dispel her rising fears and uneasy forebodings. Sir Annesley remained moody and listless, as if he looked upon everything with hopeless indifference ; and even when Frank tried to rally him by saying that he would soon return crowned with fame and wealth, the baronet smiled grimly, like one who listens incredulously to a fairy tale.

When, at a late hour, Frank retired to rest, he slept soundly, as if he had no earthly grief ; for his heart was so light and his

spirit so dauntless, that he was seldom troubled with uneasy dreams or gloomy anticipations.

He presented a gay countenance at breakfast, and playfully reproached his mother for her look of sadness.

"When we see you again, Frank," said Lady Moore, in a faltering voice, "things may be very much changed—I hope not for the worse. Indeed"—with a glance towards Sir Annesley—"we may never meet at Moore's Court again."

"For shame, mamma!" cried Rose; "why do you fancy such dreadful things? Frank knows well himself that he shall one day be master of Moore's Court; and when he comes back it shall be to claim his inheritance, or to await the time when he is to be its owner."

"Those things are not in our hands, child," said Lady Moore, quietly. "It is right to hope for the best; but we cannot be sure of the future."

"Come what may, mother, said Frank, rising from the table, "I shall do nothing unworthy of my name."

The phaeton was already waiting at the door to take him to Dunmanway. He felt a momentary pang of regret, as he embraced his mother and sister. The last words his mother had uttered recurred to his mind with vivid force; and he could not help feeling that, even though his career should be a brilliant one, he was leaving behind his dearest friends on earth. But his father's gloomy and careworn face made even a deeper impression on his consciousness. He saw written there a kind of moral despair that seemed to be hopeless of all further efforts.

"Don't be so downcast, dear father," cried Frank, as he shook hands with Sir Annesley. "Things will improve very soon, I am sure."

"I don't know," returned Sir Annesley, despondingly. "I'm afraid my time is nearly up. Unless you do something, Frank, I have no hope."

"I will do something if I live, you may be sure," said Frank, boldly. "Do you imagine, father, that the Moores are going to be extinguished so easily?"

Sir Annesley smiled faintly; and Frank, getting into the carriage, gaily waved his hat, as he was whirled away from the house of his birth and the seat of his ancestors.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER Frank's departure, the sorrowful feelings and gloomy anticipations that reigned in the hearts of the family at Moore's Court seemed to have become greatly intensified. There was a buoyancy and fearless self-confidence about Frank which had

often given his father a kind of temporary courage; but now, thrown back upon his own resources, and brooding dismally over the future, he gave way to the deepest despondency.

The suit by which the mortgagee sought to obtain possession of Moore's Court was already in motion; and almost daily he received communications from Mr. Sharkey, asking him whether he would consent to the proposal for a sale of the property. In spite of his growing fear that he would finally be compelled to resign the estate into the hands of his enemy—for as such he had now come to regard Mr. Vincent Callanan—he doggedly refused to submit to any compromise, and declared that he had a right to claim "a reasonable time" for the payment of his debts. But Mr. Sharkey did not seem to pay much attention to these remonstrances; for, about a month after the time of Frank's departure, he came down himself to Moore's Court, and collected some of the rents which were then due, giving no further explanation than that he had lately been appointed "receiver" over the estate.

One dark and dismal day in October, when the dreary mist and the gloomy sky rendered it impossible to stir out of doors, Lady Moore was surprised to find that Sir Annesley was not presenting an appearance in the drawing-room when the dinner-hour arrived. Since breakfast-time he had remained closeted in the library, according to his usual custom of late. Lady Moore waited rather impatiently for some time, though the dinner-bell had already rung. At length she summoned a servant, and bade her go and see whether "the master" was still in the library. The servant had not left the room five minutes, when those who were seated around the dinner-table heard a loud cry and a clapping of hands.

Lady Moore arose from the table in alarm, and, opening the door, asked what was the matter? As she spoke the servant ran towards her excitedly, and with a wild expression in her face.

"Oh, ma'am! the masther—the poor masther—is dead!"

"Dead!" cried Lady Moore, in a bewildered manner.

Here Rose rushed forward, and exclaimed wildly, "What! papa dead! No! no! 'tis some delusion."

Lady Moore and her daughter hastened towards the library, and there, indeed, they saw Sir Annesley lying back in his easy chair, as if he were only asleep; but the ghastly pallor of his face and the nerveless rigidity of his hands showed it was "the sleep that knows no waking." There was even still a scared expression in his face, as if his death had been occasioned or accelerated by some sudden excitement. There was an open letter and a legal document lying on the table before him. Rose hastily snatched up the letter, and read it with wild eagerness. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR ANNESLEY,—I enclose you a copy of the decree of the Court of Chancery, by which immediate possession of Moore's Court, with power of sale, is given to the mortgagee, Mr. Vincent Callanan. I shall, in a few days, proceed to Moore's Court for the purpose of taking possession; and, by my client's directions, I intend to have the estate immediately sold.

"Yours respectfully,

"NATHANIEL SHARKEY."

The letter fell from her hand. She gazed with a feeling of mingled awe and sorrow at her dead father.

Lady Moore had already despatched a messenger for the nearest doctor, and, kneeling on the ground, she was now vainly striving to chase the death-cold hand.

Rose stood by, looking much paler and more pensive than usual. But gradually her face assumed a stern aspect; and she clenched her hand, as persons sometimes do when labouring under some violent excitement. This look, however, soon gave way to a softer and more feminine expression. Her lips quivered, and the tears burst forth, despite her strenuous will, as the waters of yore issued from the rock. She bent down and kissed her father's pallid cheek.

"O poor papa!" she exclaimed passionately, "have you left us without one farewell? You have gone for ever from us, and the fortunes of our house are dark indeed!"

Then, hurriedly drying her eyes, as if she were ashamed of her emotion, she cast a pitying glance at her mother, who was weeping silently. She tenderly embraced her surviving parent, and gently chiding her, said:—

"It is useless to weep now, dearest mamma. Let us be strong! We require our strength, indeed, now."

When the doctor arrived, he pronounced Sir Annesley to be dead, and expressed it as his professional opinion that life must have been extinct for some hours before the fact was discovered. He considered that the fatal event had been caused by a sudden fit of apoplexy.

Rose Moore, though she was deeply affected by her father's unexpected death, did not exhibit any violent grief. Indeed, she found it hard to realize for some days that it was not all a troubled dream. Yet, in those intervals of reflection, when she found time and opportunity to take a mental survey of the past, and to weigh fully the terrible fact that she was fatherless, she felt herself almost overpowered by her own emotions.

Perhaps the most awful moment of youth is that in which we discover, for the first time, that one of the great links which bind us to life has been rent asunder. While we are still young, our buoyant spirits can scarcely acknowledge the reality of death.

The influence of custom and the energy of youthful hope seem to fill us with the belief that we ourselves and all around us are immortal. We imagine that the uniformity of our existence will never be broken by any fatal eclipse. But, when the fatal arrow has stricken down some dear friend—when some voice which sounded daily in our ears has suddenly been stilled for ever—when we see the pale victim lying before us, cold and still and motionless, we feel that we have only been cherishing a dream, and life itself appears far less real and potent than death. . . .

On the day after that on which Sir Annesley was buried, Mr. Sharkey, who, indeed, had not neglected the formality of appearing in deep mourning at the funeral, proceeded to take possession of Moore's Court, and delicately hinted that the ladies would greatly oblige him by changing their place of residence as soon as possible. Miss Quain had already gone, and Lady Moore had given her "good-bye" with considerable emotion. Rose, indeed, was far from being unmoved at the prospect of parting with her governess, towards whom she had always, in spite of her inherent pride, shown a strong attachment.

It was the very day of their departure from Moore's Court; and Rose and her mother were already dressed as if for travelling. The phaeton—last remnant of family pride—was waiting at the door to convey them away. They intended to proceed to Dublin, where there was a cousin of Lady Moore, who had asked them to come and live with her, at least for a time, until they could provide a new home. A feeling of deep sadness, almost too deep for words, filled their hearts. Even Aunt Deborah seemed really moved; for she dropped a tear on the well-thumbed volume of Fox, which she was depositing in her reticule.

"The poor old place!" cried Rose; "we shall never see it again, I suppose. Indeed, I fear now that the story of the family curse, which the old woman told me long ago, must have some truth in it."

"What old woman do you speak of, Rose?" asked her mother, rather curiously.

"Old Nance Flaherty, the postman's mother. When I went to visit her some time since, during her illness, she told me that the first of our family was cursed by a priest, who prayed, when he was dying, that the inheritance should one day pass out of our hands. He said, too, that only one of the Moores could escape the curse, which was to affect our family's spiritual and temporal welfare; and the way in which that solitary member could escape was to forsake the world and embrace a religious life."

"This may be some old popular legend," said Lady Moore, thoughtfully; "yet sometimes these stories are imperfect accounts of old traditions which have some foundation in fact."

"Who knows but the curse may be fulfilled even in its saving clause!" said Rose, with a faint smile; "for, indeed, I think it is not wise to regard this world as one's natural home. Nearly all that our family was proud of has vanished—the estate is ours no longer; poor papa's dead; Frank is far away, a mere adventurer in a distant clime. I fear, mamma, I have loved the world too well; and I find myself bitterly disappointed."

Aunt Deborah austere compressed her lips, and slightly turned up the whites of her eyes. At that moment Mr. Sharkey approached, smirking with a mixture of obsequiousness and insolence.

"I am sorry I have to give you this inconvenience, ladies," he said, in his most sugary tone; "but the fact is, the place is to be sold on the day after to-morrow, and we must make some little preparations, you know."

"Oh! pray don't make any apologies, sir!" returned Lady Moore, with cold politeness. "We did not expect that *you* would show us very much consideration."

"Pardon me, madam," said the attorney, bowing rather awkwardly, "I think you scarcely do me justice. I once made a very important proposal to your late lamented husband, but unfortunately he refused. Though it may appear rather a delicate subject, I may observe that I sought to obtain the hand of your interesting daughter in marriage, madam."

"Indeed!" Lady Moore exclaimed, with considerable astonishment.

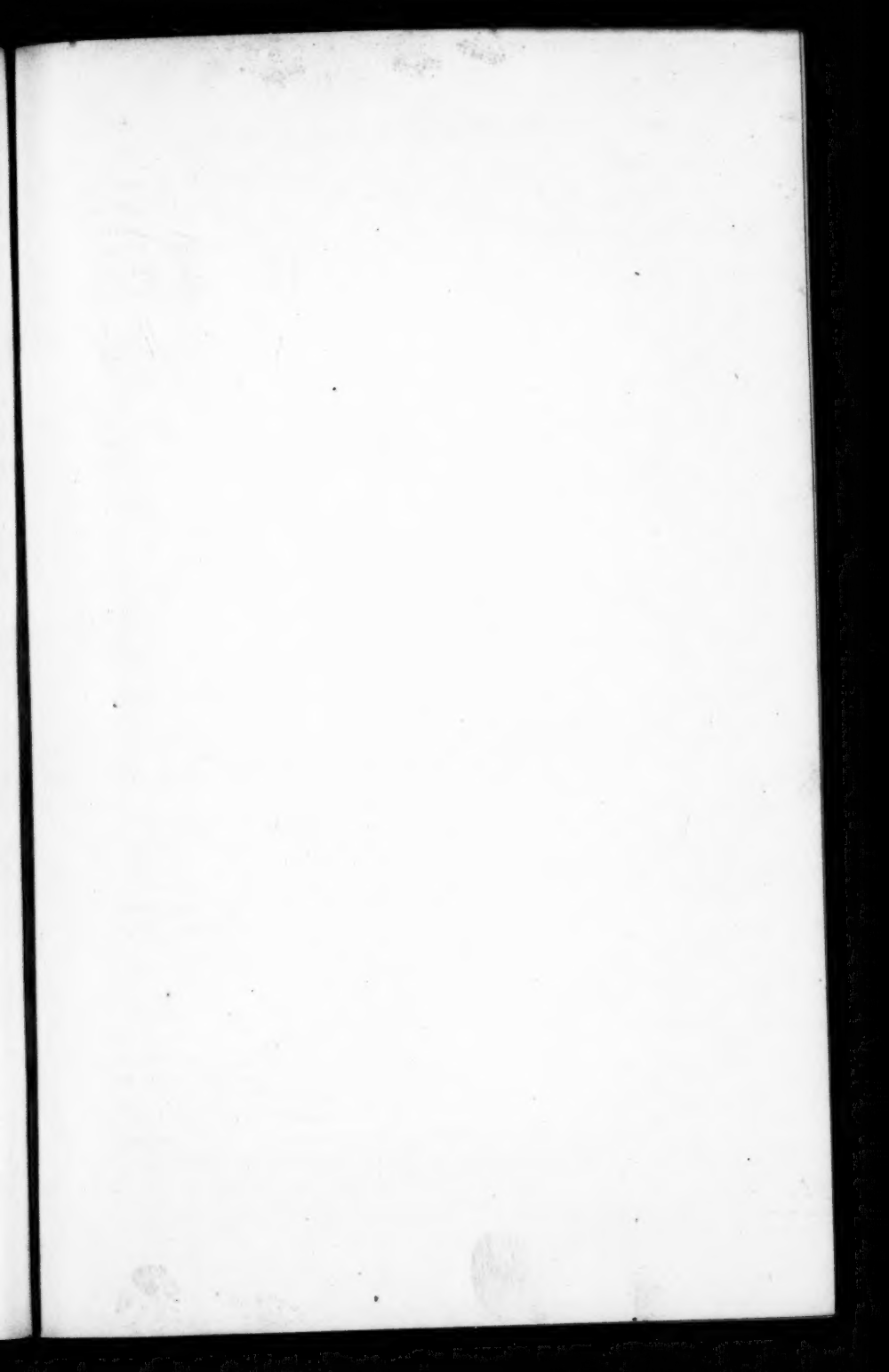
"Yes, madam, that was my ambition—an honourable ambition, I hope—and if Sir Annesley had acceded to my request, you would never be under the disagreeable necessity of quitting Moore's Court."

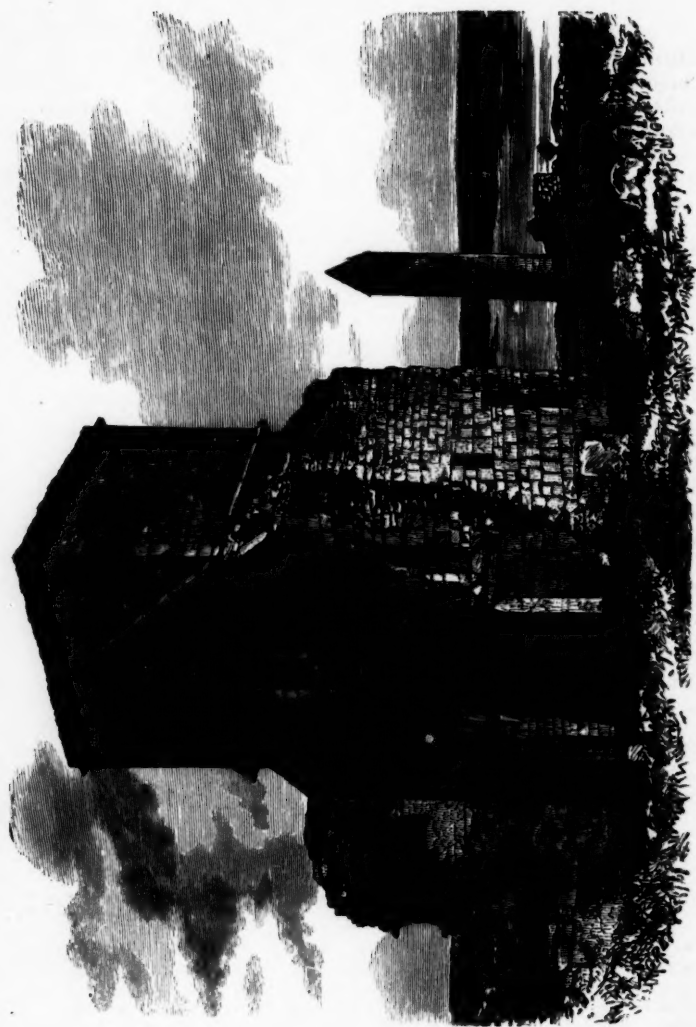
"You wretched creature!" exclaimed Rose, unable to control her indignation, and all the pride of her race for one moment gleaming in her eyes, "had you the audacity to make such a proposal to my father? Begone, you vile, crawling wretch! we do not fear you. If I were a man, you should not long stand there writhing and grinning like some loathsome reptile. Come away, mamma! It is vain to waste words on so pitiful a creature."

The ladies advanced to the door of the mansion, which they were about to quit for ever; and as they ascended into the carriage, Mr. Sharkey, filled with anger and humiliation, gnashed his teeth and muttered:—

"She's a desperate fury, and ought to have that sharp tongue of hers cut out, if the law allowed it. Well, at any rate, they're gone at last, and I think I have won the game. When I get the purchase-money, I shall make my next move. Ha, ha, ha!" and the facetious attorney rubbed his hands together and laughed with great self-complacency at the joke he had perpetrated.

(To be continued.)





DEVENISH ISLAND—LOUGH ERNE—See page 393.

DEVENISH ISLAND—LOUGH ERNE.

AMONG the patriarchal ascetics who, as the sacred light of Christianity broke in unclouded splendour over ancient Erin, consecrated her primitive sanctuaries and transformed her island solitudes into the Thebaid of the West, Saint Molaise of Daimhinis holds distinguished rank. He is styled in our annals the son of Nadfraech, and, as Dr. Lanigan considers most probable from a passage in the Life of St. Maidoc of Ferns, was a native of Breifne. He studied under St. Finnen at the School of Clonard, which already had attained considerable reputation, as may be seen from the following passage in the life of St. Finnen, quoted by Ware: "For the fame of St. Finnen's good works invited many illustrious men from divers parts of the world to his school, as to a holy repository of all wisdom, partly to study the Sacred Scriptures, and partly to be instructed in ecclesiastical discipline." In the list of the sainted *alumni* of Clonard we find Lascrian, son of Nadfraech (St. Molaise), mentioned as one of St. Finnen's principal disciples.

After having completed his sacred studies, St. Molaise withdrew to the island of Daimhinis, now Devenish, in Lough Erne, and there established a monastery which, within a brief period, became very celebrated, and continued to flourish during many centuries. The foundation of this monastery is thus noted in the Life of St. Maidoc: "Beatissimus Lascreanus ad Aquilonalem partem Hiberniæ exiit et construxit clarissimum monasterium in Stagno *Herne* nomine *Daimhinis*." Also in the Life of St. Aedus it is stated: "Regebat plures monachos in insulâ positâ in Stagno *Erne* quam Scoti nominant *Daimhinis*," i.e. *Bovium insulam*."

"Saint Molaise," writes Dr. Lanigan, "was regarded as one of the principal abbots of his time, and was visited by divers holy men of that period." Amongst others who repaired for spiritual counsel to the illustrious abbot of Daimhinis, we find the great St. Columbkille. After his powerful kinsmen of the north, the clans of Tirconnell and Tir Eoghain, in conjunction with the men of Connaught, had avenged the insult offered to the saint by Diarmaid, Monarch of Tara,† and routed the royal army with

* Ox-island. *Damh* [dauv] signifies in Irish an ox.

† The dispute between St. Finnen and St. Columbkille concerning the right of possession of a copy of the Psalms, which the latter had secretly transcribed from a Psalter borrowed from St. Finnen, had been referred to the monarch of Tara for arbitration. Diarmaid gave judgment against St. Columbkille. Moreover, he had subsequently grievously insulted the saint by violating the right of sanctuary in commanding that the young prince of Connaught, then a hostage at the Court, who, in a sudden quarrel, having killed one of the royal stewards and fled to St. Columbkille for protection, should be torn from the arms of the saint and put to instant death.

considerable loss, St. Columbkille, to ease his conscience with regard to any share he might have had in being the cause of the bloodshed which had occurred, went to confession to St. Molaise. The latter imposed upon him the remarkable penance to leave Ireland for ever, which the saint soon afterwards fulfilled by sailing with his companions to the island of Iona, where he founded a monastery that became the glory of Western Europe.

The death of St. Molaise is thus noted by the Four Masters :—

“The Age of Christ, 563. St. Molaise, Abbot of Daimhinis, died on the twelfth of September.”

From this date to 1602 there occurs frequent mention of the Monastery of Daimhinis, and of the holy and learned men who flourished therein. Of these the following are among the most important :—

“A.D. 836. The churches of Loch Erne were destroyed by the foreigners, with Cluain Eois and Daimhinis.”

According to Dr. O'Donovan, this entry should read :—

“The churches of Loch Erne, as Daimhinis, &c., together with Cluain Eois and other churches, situated at some distance from that lake, were destroyed by the Pagan Danes.”

“A.D. 1157. Daimhinis, Lismore and Lothera, with their churches, were burned.”

“A.D. 1360. Roscommon, Devenish, Sligo, the monastery of Lisgoole, Fenagh and Drumleer were burned.”

“A.D. 1602. Niall Garv, with his brothers and the English, went in boats on Lough Erne and took and destroyed Enniskillen. They also took the monasteries of Devenish and Lisgoole and left warders in them.”

The recreant here mentioned was the brother-in-law of the valiant Red Hugh O'Donnell. This Niall Garv, in the October of 1600, while entrusted with the defence of the Tirconnell territory, during the absence of his kinsman in Thomond, went over to the English with his three brothers, Hugh Boy, Donnell and Con. He rendered valuable assistance to the English during the continuation of the war with Tyrone, and his defection was one of the principal causes which undermined the power of the great northern chief.

From that dark hour when the ruthless myrmidons of Elizabeth, led by a traitor, desecrated the ancient sanctuary of Daimhinis, no more from its venerable pillar-tower the sweet and solemn chime greeted the dawn or the vesper star, nor gleamed the welcome beacon-light over the waters of the historic Loch Erne, to guide the pilgrim barque to the holy shrine, or the weary and benighted wanderer to the shelter of the monastery.

The majestic Round Tower which sentinel the lonely pile of abbey ruins on Devenish Island, has happily escaped the ravages of time, and is in a state of perfect preservation. It is seventy feet in altitude, and is remarkable for the fineness and

regularity of its construction. Moreover, it is ornamented with the singular decoration of a richly-sculptured cornice immediately under its conical roof. For an account of the origin and uses of the Round Towers, the reader is referred to the erudite work of Dr. Petrie, "On the Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland."

AUTUMN.

(RONDEL.)

Summer has seen decay
 Of roses white and red,
 And Love with wings outspread
 Speeds after yesterday.

Blue skies have chang'd to grey,
 And joy has sorrow wed;
 Summer has seen decay
 Of roses white and red.

May's flowers outlive not May!
 And when the leaves are shed,
 Around the roses dead
 The mournful echoes say:
 "Summer has seen decay!"

AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

OF the illustrious literary men of modern France, none is more entitled to our admiration or more worthy of gratitude than Chateaubriand. His character and career are alike full of interest for the student of biography. The works of the defender of Christianity, the poet-traveller, romancist, critic, politician, must always, from the amount of truth and beauty which they contain, continue to exercise a powerful influence for good among the higher minds in all nations. After the destructive philosophy of the eighteenth century had withered the heart of France, and, in connection with the results of circumstances, which want of insight on the part of governments had permitted to accumulate, produced

that terrible revolution which, ignoring Providence, established the scaffold in the place of the altar, Chateaubriand's "*Génie du Christianisme*" was the first great literary work which re-awakened the divine sentiment in the souls of his countrymen. All the other *chef-d'œuvres* of the Poet of Travel and of the Restoration, and the romancist, form accessories and illustrations of this great picture—some of them depicting the simple life of uncivilized man amid the woods and waters of the New Continent, while the others present descriptions of and meditations in the lands sanctified by the steps of the Saviour.

Chateaubriand was born at St. Malo, September, 1768, and died in Paris in the midst of the Revolution of 1848. A native of the old Celtic department of France, the characteristics of his genius are Celtic in its *fond* of religious emotion, its feminine delicacy of sentiment, its love of monarchical institutions—yet its impressionability to what is novel, and other traits. He was the son of Augustine de Chateaubriand, Count of Combourg, the youngest of a family of ten children. What a striking picture he gives in the sketches of his early days of the ancestral mansion, the old chateau in the green, aged Breton woods, and of its inmates; the affection, the parental authority, the amusements, the family recollections, the studies, the walks in blustering autumn among the withered leaves of the woods! The scenery, desolate and sublime, of Brittany; the dreary, undulating lands, with their clusters of cattle and drifts of black sheep feeding among the grasses, heaths and rushes; the grey, rocky coast and Atlantic; the wide sands over which the tide in the west wind sweeps swift as a cloud, isolating and drowning the unwary wanderer; the sombre headlands and capes—Rance, where the "storm-waves mount up fifty—a hundred feet high," off which, in the words of the ballad, the fisherman cries "Save us, O God! my barque is so small and the sea is so great!"—the wheat and chestnut harvest in field and forest, and more genial aspects of the region seem to have early developed the feeling for the sublime and beautiful in physical nature—the melancholy contemplativeness of the poet.

When seventeen, Chateaubriand entered the Regiment of Navarre and went to Paris, among other things, to cultivate literature. His first essay was an idyl, "*L'Amour de la Campagne*" (1790). During this period he has described the many phases of life he witnessed in the French capital. When the revolution broke out he fled to America; but hearing of the arrest of Louis XVI. returned, took service in the Prussian army, and was wounded at the siege of Thionville, whence he was conveyed to Jersey, and went thence, not yet recovered, to England. In London, being without money, he supported himself by teaching French and translating for the publishers: earning a scanty income. There he obtained assistance from the Literary Fund,

and published his "Essai Historique Politique et Moral sur les Révolutions." Returning to France, he wrote and dedicated the first edition of his "Genius of Christianity" to Buonaparte, who made him Secretary of Legation at Rome, in 1803, and subsequently Minister of France to the Republic of Valais. On hearing of the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien, he resigned those posts. In 1806 he visited Greece, Asia Minor, India, Africa, Spain; and in 1811 published his "Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem." In 1815 he followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent; in 1822 he became representative of France at the Congress of Verona, and afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs. After the Revolution of July had occurred, he pronounced his famous discourse in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux, refused to recognise Louis Philippe, and retired to Switzerland. In 1832 he was arrested in consequence of his supposed connection with the enterprise of the Duchess de Berry; was defended by Berryer, and acquitted. Chateaubriand passed his last years in retirement. In 1825 a splendid edition of his works was produced in Paris, for which he received £25,000. His genuine goodness of nature, high principles, poetic tastes, in alliance with the great motives which animated his literary life, seem to render him a type of the perfect gentleman—a term which can only be applied to the true Christian. His amiable disposition surrounded him with crowds of friends. He was venerated alike by the powerful and the poor; and we are told that charity was so much a necessity of his life, that he was each day accustomed to disburse the contents of his purse, whatever it contained, to the needy who sought his aid, or those whom he sought out to assist and comfort.

From the green world of the Breton woodlands and of home we follow him to the brilliant surface life of Paris before the Revolution; to the court, the salons, the theatres, the cabinets of statesmen, *atelier* of the artist, the hovels of the poor. The city is still gay with sunshine, but the thunder-clouds are gathering blackly around the horizon, and the vibrations of the earthquake wave disturbs the salons, where the powdered and ruffled guests are dancing and scintillating witticisms. We follow the solitary exile across the ocean to the New World, in the days before steam, when, to the western peoples, the Atlantic was indeed "a century away from Europe," and communication long and tedious—days different from the present, when its shores are little more than a week distant, and when

"Thought flashes swift through the wire as through nerve, over mountain, through main,

And the telegraph narrows the round of the world to the size of the brain."

We accompany him in his tours among the primeval forests and mighty waters, among the tribes of the grown-up children we call savages, when he was collecting materials for "Atala,"

and living with the great presence of Nature, until her life, become a part of his own, imbued his genius with that freshness and beauty which charm us in his writings. In perusing his accounts of his travels, so vivid in description and elevating by their contemplations, we escape from the temporal wreck of society in France to the fresh life of the west, with its horizon of a vast future, or to the solitudes and ruins of the Orient and the past—both which hemispheres seem to have imbued his style—

“The East with perfume and the West with gold,”

In the interesting memorials of his travels, his book on “Greece” and the “Itinerary in the Holy Land,” his eye seizes on all that is poetic in landscape and life; the immensity of Nature and the spirit of Religion exalt his contemplations, while that of History is ever present with her repertoire of detail, to give a living interest to the scenes changed by time. To obtain the sentiment elicited by the scenery of the Peloponnesus, the plain of Athens, Corinth sparkling on its thread-like isthmus between the blue Ægean and Ionian waters, Lebanon, the Syrian desert, the Holy Places—Chateaubriand’s books will always be favourite reading. There is as much colour in his thoughts as in his descriptions. It is pleasant to ramble with a traveller who can feel as well as observe—especially in the East, where, as in Italy, “the memory sees more than the eye.” The aspect of the shores of Hellas, whose laughing waters, sporting beneath headlands crowned with marble ruins, and mingling their glad voices with the murmurs of leaves and the echoes of the mountains, awakened emotions different from those he experienced on beholding the brilliant but austere sea of Syria. Those shores, with their ruined towns and harbours, awaken recollections of crusading days. From Jaffa to Jerusalem all is sterility—a distance imposing by long breadths of shadow and sharp lines pencilled with lights, delicate and clear, where the land rises remotely in the intense azure sky. Arrived at the Holy City, he finds the Feast of St. Joseph is being celebrated; remembers it is his birthday; and his first prayer offered up in the Holy Land is for his mother. The journey to the Dead Sea, —its waters, with their metallic lustre, extending fifty miles, heavy looking as molten silver, and scarcely ruffled by the highest winds—the long line of faint white cloud, high up in the sky which marks its extension—the black, perpendicular cliffs rising sheer from the depths or from the shore, crusted with salt and bitumen—the profiles and attitudes of the giant cliffs, sinister, satanic, as seen under the heavy glow of noon, or in the blood-red doomful glare of sunset—all are eloquently described.

French poetic prose dates from the appearance of the “Atala” of Chateaubriand. He was the first who introduced *couleur locale* into French descriptive writing. In order to draw, intellectual

sight is alone requisite, but to colour one must feel. Chateaubriand had the gift of poetic observation to paint the object and the emotion it elicits. There are occasional falsetto notes in his eloquent descriptions, but his manner is frequently original and grand. Nature is old, yet ever "young with fresh eternity;" and the sentiment awakened by the great forests of America and the deserts of the East in the soul of the solitary genius, not unfrequently have impressed his style with an antique and austere simplicity, and a freshness like spring rain or sunlight. Often his prose is equal to the most beautiful verse. The soul left alone amid the glories and solemnities of the universe, attains purity of feeling, and a certain exaltation of sentiment and imagination. The same influences arising from solitude act in a correspondingly higher degree on the cultivated mind which selects a religious life—thus, to conserve ideas and feelings which are true, and occupy time with good works only, is to live with God, and attain to a life angelic and divine.

The subject of Chateaubriand's greatest work, "*Génie du Christianisme*" is the most magnificent and important which a writer could select for exposition, description, comment and illustration. He has treated it from many aspects—the Biblical, the historical, the moral and poetic. After the literature of the Revolution—that of philosophers and factions—with its blighting lightning and cloud confusions, this book led France, as under the arch of a rainbow, once more into the sacred region of peace and love, illuminated by religion and heaven. It was necessary to treat the great theme in a popular manner. Chateaubriand alternately expounds principles, paints pictures and inspires sentiment; explains the truths and exhibits the beauties of Christianity: the theologian in one chapter becomes the poet in the next. The work is divided into four parts. In the first he demonstrates the Christian doctrines, treats briefly of the mysteries and sacraments, of morality, Scripture truths, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. In the second part he develops the literary and poetic genius of Christianity, and compares its poetry with that of paganism. In the last he treats of worship, the rites of the Church, marriage, funerals, the orders of the clergy, of works of charity, and, in fine, of the influence of Christianity on laws and institutions.

The Concordat of 1801 had re-established Christianity in France concurrently with the appearance of the book. The churches, which had been polluted by the orgies and atheistic fêtes of the Reign of Terror, were thrown open for public prayer; and where the maniac masses had assembled to worship the "Goddess of Reason"—but who now, after their experience of the Pandemonium resulting from the temporary eclipse of national common sense, had been sharply convinced that true reason could never have produced the horrors through which they had

passed—the people once more returned to worship the mysteries of Divine Love. Chateaubriand, who was alike attached to monarchy and liberty, was said to have sought in his book to lead back royalty through the gates of the Church, and such was, perhaps, partly his intention. But his real and obvious object was to ensure the restoration and triumph of Religion, to substitute cosmos for chaos, the altar for the scaffold and cannon, and attach the nation to Christianity, by showing, by contrast with other systems, that the revealed truths of Religion were alone those under whose manifold influences any system of life or government could produce permanent happiness to mankind. Such was Chateaubriand's object, and it was one in which the good genius of the writer triumphed. Among the eloquent descriptive passages in this work may be noted those on the education of a young knight of the middle ages, and of the ceremonies of chivalry; those on the physical beauty of the world, its laws and life (liv. 4. c. 5); that on the death of the just, which, though admirable, is not equal to Massillon's finest sermon, "*La mort du Pêcheur et la mort du Juste.*"

Chateaubriand's prose is far more poetic than the French poetry of his period; it is more so than that of Lamartine and Hugo—more delicately emotional, coloured, efflorescent. Some of his choicest passages are to be found in "*René*," which he at first strangely made the appanage of the "*Germe du Christianisme.*" *René* is a melodious dream of a soul placed amid the harmonies of the universe. It is vaguely ideal, full of mysterious beauty. Among its lovely passages is that which depicts the impression made on the mind by hearing the village bells of a Sabbath in a wood, that primitive green temple. Leaning against the trunk of a beech-tree, *René* listens in silence to the sacred sounds undulating on the air, and gently stirring the leaves with their vibrations. They recall the simplicity of rural manners, the innocence of early days, their affections and fancies, and, in the calm solitude, the holy feelings of religion, family, country—bells that rang when the infant was born, which recall the joys of the father, the pains and joys of the mother; bells which rang amid the silence of death, and whose voice is associated alike with the cradle and the tomb. If we were to seek for a physical image to represent the lofty, tender and ideal genius of Chateaubriand, we should somehow select a beautiful chestnut tree, full of broad leaves and brown fruit—leaves which, green or richly hued with autumn, respond the varying music to each wind of heaven—through whose branches we obtain vistas of the great fresh new world in the sunset beyond the grey ocean, and of the old, sacred, lonely world toward the dawn—a tree, too, which shelters an altar raised to God, where the soul can pray, and dream of the divine.

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